INTEGRAL

NINETEEN

HVNDRED

Benedict Rhubarb '99.

On Page 66 - B.S. Degree



THE BOOK OF THE CLASS OF '01

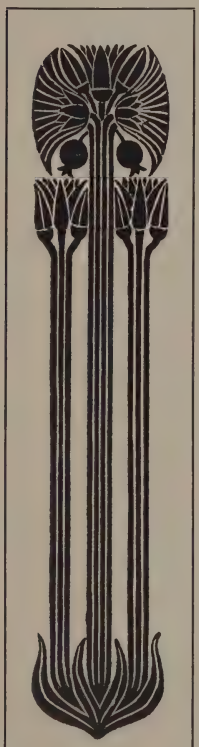


THOMAS CONANT RONEY



FRANK SHERMAN FAIRMAN

The Integral



Published Annually by
the Junior Class Armour
Institute of Technology

Volume ⚜ ⚜ ⚜ Three

Imprinted at the Press of Hollister Brothers Chicago Nineteen Hundred


1900
INTEGRAL
1899

To the Memory
of
Thomas Conant Roney
and
Frank Sherman Fairman
this book is
reverently dedicated



PHILIP DANFORTH ARMOUR



PHILIP DANFORTH ARMOUR, JR.

In Memoriam

Words spoken at the Funeral Services of Philip D. Armour, Jr. by Frank W. Gunsaulus

Nothing but a profound belief in the all-fatherliness of God and a faith that His goodness is over all His works could support me in the task to which I am called today. Many of the dearest hopes of my own life lie apparently dead in yonder casket. Cover the pall as you have with a summer of flowers, it is still true that with the death of Philip D. Armour, Jr., winter seems to have come over many of the dreams of our lives. I stand here only as a mourner, and yet I must speak to the mourning ones. God grant that what comforts me may comfort you also! Honored as I have been with the friendship of the Armour family, and acquainted as I am with the far-reaching plans born at the fireside where their son was reared and where his youth blossomed into manhood, I seem to stand at this hour in the presence of a broken column. Love hangs garlands upon it and they are moistened with tears. From the fragmentary beauty come reflections of the light of two homes; and it is the kind of light that will never cease to bring out of the mist of our sorrow the frustrated hopes and broken aspirations which throng our hearts at this hour.

If this young man had not been dowered with extraordinary ability as a merchant who had just entered the realm of trade and commerce whose gates were flung open to him so gladly, his relationship to one of the most important enterprises in the world, as one of its heirs and future directors, would have given him eminence and supplied him a pedestal which only too clearly exalts his powers, now that, so far as this world is concerned, they are forever to remain unused.

But Philip Danforth Armour, Jr., proud as he was of his inheritance and clear-headed as he was with reference to the value of the name given

to him in babyhood, had already proven himself more than a mere recipient of Fortune's pleasant whim. He had so far entered into the commercial life which his very genius, as well as his circumstances had chosen for him, and he had given such demonstration of brilliant and solid qualities as a business man, that the glow of promise upon his forehead places him among the chosen young men of earth who have been stricken down by death in the splendid morning of their powers. With them he has departed. To their long home he has migrated. They are the company who have left the world of art and literature and science and religion, as he left the world of commerce, to mourn and to muse over the shining prophecies with pride and with regret, and to calculate from these prophecies how rich or beautiful or true or harmonious the world would have been if they had reached only the noontide of their strength and achievement.

It is when we study petal after petal involved in such buds of mighty promise so suddenly or slowly denied the possibility of unfolding their loveliness or power, that we take firmer hold upon the conviction that this life must be indeed, especially in such cases, only the portal to the larger life where all buds reach their perfect flowering and where all mornings journey to mid-noon and where all fragmentary and incomplete lives reach fullness and harmony under the guidance of the Father of all things. Only the infinite love working through infinite time can gather together and put in order the broken threads of our earthly years. Our science as well as our faith proves that this is a universe of marvelously strict economies, and that, therefore, it is impossible that anything of value may be lost. It is in this conviction and in this serene belief, that we behold, not without confidence in the unfoldings of the future, the genius of poetry leaving her tears where Shelley dies at the age of 29; the genius of painting weaving her garlands for the tomb of Raphæl dead at the age of 37; the genius of literature stooping ever the hallowed dust of Arthur Henry Hallam, who left love and life here at 22; the genius of our American mercantile life, pausing today at this grave, to be less known but not to be less significant, where Philip D. Armour, Jr., at the age of 31, lies with still pulses, and his penetrating, restless eye, with the urgent and sagacious brain is at rest forever. It would not be a universe worthy of God or man, if it were not so ordered that this little circle of life which we call time breaks into the larger circle which we call eternity. Eternity is youth and youth is the realizing of eternity. A young man, looking out into the certainty of his early decease, could well sing of that comradeship in the future—a comradeship which must exist somewhere among those, who, endowed with gifts and opportunities such as we honor here today, were not permitted to realize their fruition in this mortal life.

One young man of genius prayed:

"With the tear-worthy four, consumption killed
In youthful prime, before the nebulous mind
Had its symmetric shapeliness defined,
Had its transcendent destiny fulfilled—
May future ages grant me gracious room,
With Pollock, in the voiceless solitude
Finding his holiest rapture, happiest mood;
Poor White for ever poring o'er the tomb;
With Keats, whose lucid fancy mounting far
Saw heaven as an intenser, a more keen
Re-integration of the Beauty seen
And felt by all the breathers on this star;
With gentle Bruce, flinging melodious blame
Upon the Future for an uncompleted name."

At the age when Philip D. Armour, Jr., was called hence, the young Scotch poet, David Gray, had been in his grave seven years, and yet above the grasses life seemed to be singing a song that quenches the discords of death. It was a song which the poet himself had sung in anticipation of his early death. He felt that this life is only the first chosen soil in which the seed sometimes sprouts and only the bud comes, and that God often transplants the life at the time when its petals are not unfolded as yet, in order that in another soil and in air more subtly suited to the particular nature of the plant and its history, the half open destiny have its entirety of development.

"Whom the Gods love die young" said the old Greek pagan. Shall we not believe also that love had plans for him that no earthly wealth could carry out, and that, by and by, we shall see that we did not over-estimate his possibilities? We rather under-estimated them. God, his Father, alone so truely estimated them that He was moved to take out of merely human hands and associations the guidance and development of his destiny. Therefore, above this grave where we leave the dust of our strong and hopeful young friend, we may remember that he also felt only "the faint beatings in the calyx of the rose," and while we realize all that friend or child, father, mother and wife found in his buoyant and prophetic career, we can place upon his gravestone what the Scotch poet wrote for a similar gravestone that now guards the little plot of ground in the old home of Mr. Armour's ancestors:

"There is life with God,
In another kingdom and a sweeter air.
In Eden every flower is blown: Amen."

In a ministry of a quarter of a century, I have never known a young man into whose life and career on earth there have come a larger investment of affectionate hope. We all hung our desires upon this child of

fortune and promise. The magnitude of the commercial enterprises allied with the Armour name was as nothing to the magnitude of love with which his steps were followed. He was shy, especially to those who were likely to make much of his kindliness, but behind the fortress he made there was the sunny and impulsively generous man whom to know was to love. The richness of the mansion whose roof sheltered with every art, his wife and boys, is not comparable to the richness of the hopes that leapt up like visions at the mention of his name. We all waited for the day when maturity would prove that what pledges he made at thirty-one, when he entered seriously into the arduous task of taking up his family's great projects of business or beneficence, would be grandly redeemed at ten and two score. The significance of the noble philanthropies which his wise and loving parents have barely inaugurated pales before the clearly defined significance of the child to whom such responsibilities were coming. That is, the man and his opportunity met in proper order; and no family, even though as loyal and true as this, ever had larger reason to think that love would have its way and hope its full and long reward, as years upon years would evolve the riches of Philip's nature and make him one of the most influential men of his time. Where then, with this dream shattered, can we turn? Where, with this grave open, shall we gaze for a gleam of assurance? Where then, with our tears to magnify every blasted anticipation, shall we look to discover a vision of life and an interpretation of the universe that shall soothe and support? We think of that beloved father and mother today – so far away in the body, but so near and dear to us in the spirit. We pray for them. Was there ever another Father whose Son left our earth before the time which our limited conceptions would have appointed for His going? Ah, yes! Let us look to Him and pray for an understanding of that diviner philosophy of life which sets this small earth-life in its true relations, gives it only its just proportions, and grants us the immeasurable perspective of eternity. God's perfect Son left our world with an unfinished life, as it seemed. Let us pray that the father and mother of this son may get God's point of view.

Jesus of Galilee was the embodiment of the world's hope. He was much else, but he was the world's greatest young man. If we look at Him only from the loftiest of those mountain tops of vision to which men are permitted to ascend, we will say that His was the life most apparently needed to be lived out in its entirety upon the earth. No business enterprise of this world has ever apparently poised its possibilities and destiny upon any one life as did the weal of humanity upon the life of Jesus. We may reverently say that no most loving father apparently could have ever felt that the enterprise nearest his own heart so resided and throbbed in the beating heart of his child here below as did our heavenly Father, when

His Son, Jesus, was making a new life for man by conquering death and sin here upon earth. Just as the thousand plans and purposes of this father's life, Mr. Philip D. Armour's vast philanthropies and his cherished hopes were the gift of his heart and brain to his off-spring, so, if we may rise to infinite heights of thought, the philanthropies and inaugurated movements of God's being were apparently embodied and manifested for their consummation in the life of His Son Jesus in this world. But we must be very careful to hold to that significant word *apparently*, "For now we see through a glass, darkly." The fact is that, at the very moment when Jesus seems most needed to live His life here He leaves our life. He dies with only thirty-three of our brief years as his span. "He dies," men say, "when he is just getting hold of the reins of destiny." But he dies in God's love.

Now does not this give us, in an hour like this, a better understanding of God's method? This is not God's only world for the education or achievements of His children. Can we not trust God as Jesus, at the age of 33, trusted God? If God has processes and methods such as justify Him in depriving the earth and leaving it bereft of its grandest young man, shall we not have confidence that this young man whom we loved is also in His care?

To this young wife whose hand my hand placed in his, and who united with me in prayer for length and happiness of days with her young husband, I bring today the consolation of The Divine love. Great as hers may be, God's love is deeper as it was older; it is greater than hers. His was a busy, intense and only prophetic life. We are always believing that fondly cherished seeds of hope, which have no time for development today will blossom in harvests of joy in some near tomorrow in the providence of God. But Philip had no summer-time or harvest-time; he had only one and thirty of the ten and three score years allotted to man. Providence and love had unexpectedly called him to severe and taxing duties almost before his youth was done. This young man, with his brother, had been compelled, at an early age, to assume the almost incalculable burdens and responsibilities of a business which only superb genius could ever have initiated, and which has exacted, to the utmost, the largest powers of its great founder and his able associates. He had wonderful resiliency of mind, and that good humor which oils life's burdened axles; and yet, he was an enormously occupied young man. As we think of the cares of this young father and husband, who was also financier and merchant on the largest scale, how sweet to wife and little boys must appear those tender and fragrant blossoms which shly grew upon the little plots of their home-life when the sunshine fell in undisturbed warmth, and when the air was peaceful as the dawn. Yet here his life was scarcely more than a group of prophecies. How many and how bright they were, even in the minds of

his little children as they played with him and the happy wife and mother, in that last ten days under the blithe and winsome air of California; and yet Love's holiest and sweetest hopes for our own loved ones always demand another realm for their realization. Somewere, dear sorrowing ones —sometime, the best he intimated will be realized. We can be sure that God is love on the other side of the tomb and on this side as well. The widow and the orphan are in the hands of that same wise affection and divine care which will protect and guide and ultimately ally with God the soul of the father, the husband and the friend.

Nothing but the eye of infinite love can penetrate into the mystery and charm of human brotherhood. I must not enter into the holy of holies at whose shrine I caught a glimpse on the morning of Saturday last when I discovered that love is, indeed, stronger than death, and that we have no words in any human vocabulary to describe the meaning of brotherhood such as I saw when the light of eternity played upon that brotherhood which had, apparently, been broken in the death of the younger of these two beloved boys. Human words can scarcely be spoken here, especially by one who has been accustomed to mention these two boys with his own children's names when silent and secret prayer has closed the weary day. To the same God to whom so often they have been commended in the hour of their anxiety or their joy, I again commend this brotherhood; but I would not be true to myself if I did not gratefully remember the grace which has been given to him who survives, and the nobility of character which he has already manifested as he has seen his companion and boyhood friend pass into silence.

We cannot shut out from this circle of sorrowing ones those whose shrinking necessities will come upon shuffling feet to some of us, to tell us of the generosity of a young man of fortune to whose ears the cry of the unfortunate and the plea of the poor were resistless eloquence. The multitude of letters made since the hour when his death brought tidings of disaster to the homes of the helpless whom he succored would prove his fairest eulogy. We never know how much a man, so unpretentious of the goodness to which he aspired, has accomplished until death cuts the current of his unheralded beneficence. His last promise to a friend in Chicago was a ray of light for the hearts of those who labor at Armour Institute. Said he, "I am busy now in helping to get hold of the business that runs the Institute; some day soon I will try to give it as much attention as father did and as much as the business gets from me." We come to-day, therefore, to offer our tribute also; and I, to whom Armour Institute has been as dear as a child, bow with you before God, conscious of a loss which I pray God will use to the eternal gain of our friend who has entered the unseen and to us who are yet to labor and to wait.

Foreword



Herein may one find matter of more or less interest to our friends in and out of Armour Institute of Technology

¶ It has been carefully collected and is hereby respectfully submitted to you by the editors



Book I	*The Institute*	*Page 15*
Book II	*The Student*	*Page 35*
Book III	*The Bookman*	*Page 115*
Book IV	*The Athlete*	*Page 209*

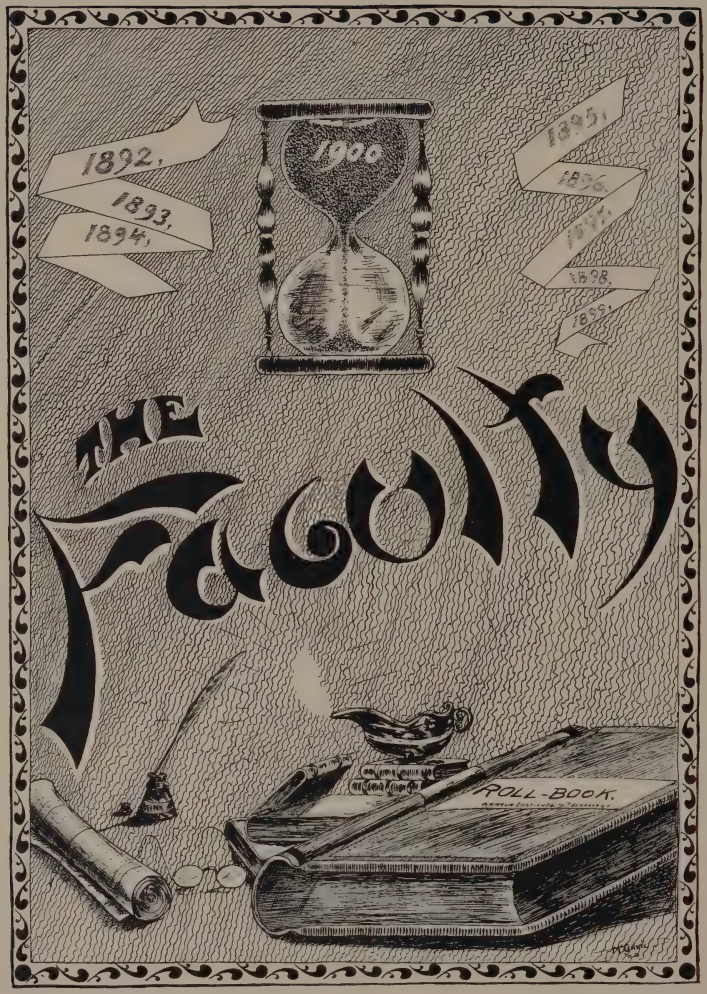


Modeled by Mary Brooks Parker



The Institute Calendar
Nineteen Hundred

Jan. 3	Wednesday	Registration of Students
Jan. 4	Thursday	Winter Term Begins
Feb. 12	Monday	Lincoln's Birthday; a holiday
Feb. 22	Thursday	Washington's Birthday; a holiday
March 26-28	Monday to Wednesday	Winter Term Examinations
March 28	Wednesday	Winter Term Ends
April 4	Wednesday	Registration of Students
April 5	Thursday	Spring Term Begins
May 16	Wednesday	Founder's Day; a holiday
May 30	Wednesday	Memorial Day; a holiday
June 18-20	Monday to Wednesday	Spring Term Examinations
June 20	Wednesday	Spring Term Ends
June 25-26	Monday and Tuesday	June Entrance Examinations
Sept. 13-14	Thursday and Friday	September Entrance Examinations
Sept. 19	Wednesday	Registration of Students
Sept. 20	Thursday	School Year Begins
Nov. 29-30	Thursday and Friday	Thanksgiving Holidays
Dec. 17-19	Monday to Wednesday	Autumn Term Examinations
Dec. 19	Wednesday	Autumn Term Ends


1892,
1893,
1894,
1900
1895,
1896,
1897,
1898,
1899,
THE
POLL-BOOK.

The Faculty

Gunsaulus	Fellows
Alderson	Agle
Monin	Fleury
Millet	Ritchey
Porter	Snow
Kerr	Cody
Macomber	Flanders
McClement	Smith
Gore	Gebhardt
Phillips	Scherger
Shattuck	Lang
Feldman	Liebard
Freeman	Thomas
Williams	Burr
Raymond	

Officers of Administration

I

The President

Frank Wakeley Gunsaulus

The Dean of the Technical College

Victor Clifton Alderson

The Dean of Armour Scientific Academy

Louis Celestin Monin

The Secretary of the Board of Trustees

Frederick U. Smith

The Secretary of the Institute

Mrs. Jene Bell

The Registrar

Mrs. Julia Beveridge

The Librarian

Miss Jessie Van Vliet

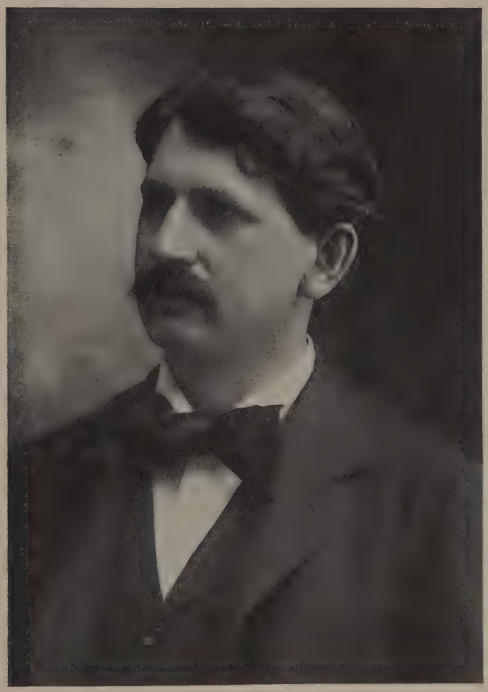
The Assistant Librarian

Miss Madeline W. Milner

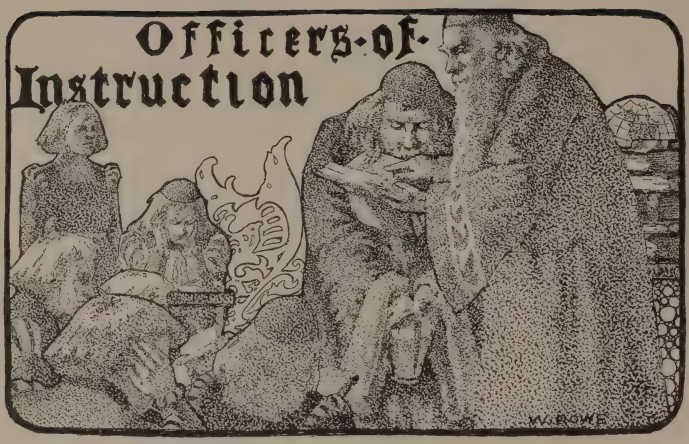
II

The Executive Committee of the Faculty, consisting of the President and the Dean of the College, ex-officiis, and the following:

Alderson	Porter	McClement
Monin	Kerr	Gore
Millet	Macomber	Phillips



FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS



Electrical Engineering

Irwin John Macomber, Professor
Clarence E. Freeman, Associate
John E. Snow, Senior Instructor
Arthur J. Burr, Instructor

Mechanical Engineering

Charles Volney Kerr, Professor
Abram M. Feldman, Associate
Louis H. Flanders, Instructor
George F. Gebhardt, Instructor in Machine Design

Architecture

Louis J. Millet, Professor
William K. Fellows, Instructor
Albert Fleury, Instructor

Civil Engineering

Alfred E. Phillips, Professor

Mathematics

Victor C. Alderson, Professor — Walter F. Shattuck, Associate

John A. Brewster, Instructor

Physics

Albert B. Porter, Professor — Howard M. Raymond, Associate

Chemistry

William T. McClement, Professor — Lawrence S. Williams, Associate

Philosophy

Louis C. Monin, Professor

Shops

Edward D. Agle, Machine Shop — Albert E. Smith, Blacksmith Shop

James Ritchey, Wood Shop

English

Willard C. Gore, Professor — W. W. Manning, Instructor

History

George L. Scherger, Instructor

Business Law

Arthur B. Cody, Instructor

Languages

Louis C. Monin, Professor
Leon Liebard, Instructor
Rosa C. Lang, Instructor
Carrie Wright, Instructor
Karl Seeligmann, Instructor

Biology

Harry N. Whitford, Instructor

Drawing

Albert H. Krehbiel, Instructor

Gymnasium

Henry B. Thomas, Instructor



The Department of Domestic Arts and Science

The Kindergarten Normal Department

The Department of Music

Senior Kindergarten Class

Officers and Members

Miss Jessie Smith, President

Miss Frances Snowell, Secretary

Miss Lucy P. Bardwell
Miss Edith Boughton
Miss Florence Bump
Miss Mabel Burton
Miss Louise Desmond
Miss Irene Dowling
Miss Grace Dolling
Miss Elizabeth M. Dueser
Miss Jessie Ferrin
Miss Agnes Geary
Miss Mabel Hunter
Miss Ethyl Hamilton
Miss Mary Hawes
Miss Kathryne Isaacs
Miss Margaret Jarvis
Miss Olga Jung
Miss Ruth Kennedy
Miss Eda Kracke
Miss Sybell Meyers
Miss Jessie B. MacKinnon
Miss Linda Muller
Miss Katherine Newberry
Miss Hattie Nemolde
Miss Grace Palmer
Miss Alice Reid
Miss Maude E. Reiter
Miss Cordelia Riddell
Miss Elsa Rockener
Miss Alice Santer
Miss Vera Schmidt
Miss Martha Simon
Miss Lucy Van Holsen
Miss Gertrude Weldon
Miss Meta Wittig
Miss Margaret Haynes

Junior Kindergarten Class

Officers and Members

Miss Fanny Barker, President
Miss Emily J. Springer, Vice-President
Miss Maude Nicholson, Secretary

Miss Florence Adler
Miss Lucy Barron
Miss Fanny G. Bailey
Miss Ruth I. Burke
Miss Florence M. Brownell
Miss Charlotte O. Clark
Miss Helen Crossman
Miss Julia A. Colvin
Miss Anna Dixon
Miss Marilla D. Fellows
Miss Juliette D. Fleishman
Miss May Belle Foster
Miss Melitta Friend
Miss Margaret Gardner
Miss Mabelle E. Godfrey
Miss Maude Hall
Miss Alta E. Harvey
Miss Stella Hartman
Miss Jessie Herman
Miss Helma Johnson
Miss Lavina Landberg
Miss Elizabeth Mandeville
Miss Jessie A. Martin
Miss Harriet Miller
Miss Josephine McCalla
Miss Estelle McManman
Miss Nellie MacQueen
Miss Amy Ohlman
Miss Lillie Ohrenstein
Miss Flora C. Phillips
Miss Martha Pattee
Miss Edna M. Perry
Miss Edna Perle Roby
Miss Sarah E. Ridgeway
Miss Sylvia W. Ruger
Miss Leila M. Scott
Miss Elizabeth Smith
Miss Jeanie Smith
Miss Jessie I. Taylor
Miss Maria P. Templeton
Miss Emma L. Walling
Miss Carrie E. Weaver
Miss Anna T. Willits
Miss Gertrude Wynes



THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS



Cooking Department

Normal Domestic Science Department



OMESTIC Science! What does it mean? To the average mind almost nothing but cooking and sewing; but to our minds, the science of living. The acquirement of a scientific or classical course implies broad general knowledge. A course in Domestic Science includes not only this general knowledge, but its further application to the principles and problems of the home, from which all culture emanates. Professor Zueblin, in his interesting lectures on Sociology, has said that culture does not consist alone of a university education, but includes the refining influences of the home. And the Normal Domestic Science course not only trains students to make these homes the centers of culture, but what is more important, fits them to teach others this fine art. After noting the list of studies pursued one must feel that when a student has finished this course, she is able to step out into the world equipped with a profession which places her among the foremost educators of the day.

To Miss Bullard is due the great efficiency of this department. It is owing to her untiring efforts and enthusiasm that this line of work has reached its present standing.

Senior Class

Phebe Copps
Georgiana Rogers
Bertha Tarrant
Eva R. Robinson

The Normal Class has formed an organization with the following officers:

Phebe Copps, President
Eva R. Robinson, Secretary and Treasurer

The object of this society is to elevate and dignify the profession of Domestic Science.



THE SENIOR COOKING CLASS





Modeled by Mary Brooks Parker


SE IORS
GLEE
FOOT BALL
LBM

Class of 1900

Bradley, Lyford C.
Mechanical Engineer

Creelman, A. T.
Electrical Engineer

Dean, W. T.
Electrical Engineer

Fisher, Charles
Electrical Engineer

Garcelon, Charles A.
Mechanical Engineer

Graff, Herman W.
Electrical Engineer

Harvey, Dean
Electrical Engineer

Haussmann, Herman
Electrical Engineer

Hayden, George F.
Electrical Engineer

Longnecker, Charles
Mechanical Engineer

Low, Frank Y.
Electrical Engineer

Martin, Robert C.
Electrical Engineer

Parker, J. H.
Electrical Engineer

Sklovsky, Max
Electrical Engineer

Taylor, Fitzhugh
Electrical Engineer

Tousley, John H.
Electrical Engineer

Walther, Fred P.
Electrical Engineer

Watson, Vernon S.
Architect

Zimmerman, Fred W.
Electrical Engineer


C.A.GARCELON
F.Y.LOW
C.S.LONGNECKER
G.F.HAYDEN
D.HARVEY


A.T. CREELMAN
H.W. GRAFF
J.H. TOUSLEY
H. HAUSSMANN
F.W. ZIMMERMANN


MAX. SKLOVSKY
J.H.PARKER.
FITZHUGH TAYLOR
R.C.MARTIN.
V.S.WATSON.


C.H. FISHER
L.C. BRADLEY
F.P. WALTHER
W.T. DEAN

History of the Class of 1900

SPACE does not permit a detailed review of all that has been accomplished by this class. In the light of future years many things may seem well or ill—we cannot tell. We have striven first, to obtain for ourselves the maximum from a four years' course; our success in this is best told by the records in the office of the Dean. Again we have had our share of honors in athletics, Longnecker being the best all 'round athlete in school until his withdrawal last year. Hayden has held the tennis championship in doubles for four years, and is now president of the Athletic Board and captain of the basket-ball team. Fisher has frequently won in bicycle events. Feindt was well known as a wrestler. Harvey holds the championship with Hayden in tennis—doubles—and holds second in singles.

There is not a member of this class who has not helped to push when pushing was needed.

Creelman and Parker have displayed real nineteenth century heroism in completing a four-year course under difficulties sufficient to swamp men of less calibre.

The Technical Society has been kept alive and prospering the last year almost wholly by this class. We have spent our time judiciously, steadily "sawed wood" perhaps, but that was our business here.

Four years ago some of our members looked, at least, like mere boys. A wonderful change has taken place. We now stand on about the same level. Older minds have grown clearer, young ones older and more serious. Many of us know what it means to earn a living by labor, and do not look at the world through "papa's golden goggles." It is not strange, then, that we should feel a deep and lasting regard for the place of our awakening and for our professors who have aided us so much.

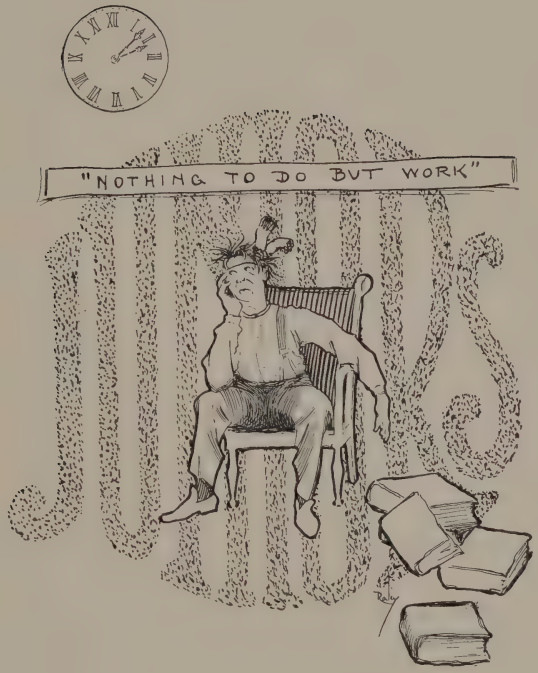
* * * *

(*With apologies to Riley*)

There, Armour Tech, don't cry!
Nought-nought is going, I know,
And you lose a number of first-rate men
Who have watched and helped the Tech to grow
In numbers and fame, but then,
All college days must at last pass by,
There, Armour Tech, don't cry!

There, Armour Tech, don't cry!
For what seems a loss to you now
Will add to your glory in years to come,
When nought-nought shows the world how
The knowledge acquired in class-room and lab
Is applied thro' life when *they* try,
So there, Armour Tech, don't cry!




"NOTHING TO DO BUT WORK"

Class of 1901

Officers and Members

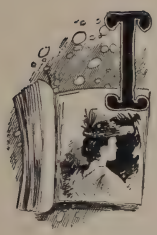
Fred A. Krehbiel, President
J. B. Swift, Vice-President
H. S. Rosenthal, Secretary
F. H. Bernhard, Treasurer

Mark H. Arnold
C. V. Axen
E. H. Baker
L. Cohen
C. E. Eustice
R. T. Fry
F. P. H. Howard
A. G. Langworthy
W. I. Lewis
F. A. Lindberg
W. E. Miller
A. C. Noble
F. G. Pease
C. F. Pierce
R. J. Raley
O. H. Rochlitz
W. R. Ruegnitz



History of the Class of 1901

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With their frequent repetitions
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you.



IT is a characteristic of all things great, whether famous or notorious, that their origin is shrouded in mystery. Sometimes, this mystery is the cause of greatness, often, as the cynic would say, the result. Now the origin of the class of 1901 is shrouded in mystery. No man knows whence we came, no man dares say whither we shall go. We "happened" one day in September, exactly at such a time so that, barring accidents, we would be sent forth into the world with the new century. Our prudence and foresight in so doing have been the envy of all the other classes,—nay, some maliciously disposed persons have even gone so far as to attempt to hold back the march of ages so that we should be forced to graduate in the old nineteenth century along with the Seniors, and be forgotten with them. Their attempt has been in vain, however, as Dean Alderson has decided that the twentieth century shall begin when we go forth.

To say that we knew it all before we entered Armour Institute of Technology, would be inconsistent and untrue; to say that we will know it all when we are through is unnecessary. Already we have surpassed all the other classes—the Freshmen reverence us, the Sophomores imitate us, the Seniors fear us. Our deeds have been great and numerous. Our class kicks, although a thing of the past, are still an object of awe, and some of them may yet be seen on the doors of our lockers.

While attending to our duties as students we have nevertheless not forgotten our literary and social obligations. Only recently we enacted a comedy drama, in three acts, entitled, "The Averted Catastrophe, or Who kicked the Lamp?" The play took place in the Junior locker room, and the scene was brilliantly illuminated with broken circuits and non-incandescent lights. We have also written a 250-page novel entitled, "The Fight that Failed, or

Why Resist Matter?" This book became rapidly popular and its sales rivaled even those of the Fulcrum. Be it known, however, that we no longer edit the Fulcrum. This task has been relegated to the Sophomores, who will after a while raise it to its former standard of excellence.

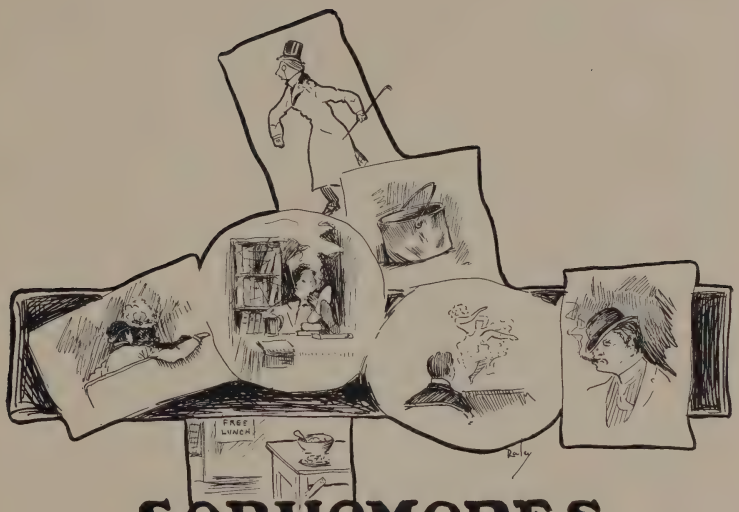
It is, perhaps, needless to say that in our sojourn at Armour we have endeared ourselves to many members of the faculty. Indeed, so great is their love for us, that when we are detained below stairs beyond our usual time for convening, they come down and fetch us: nay, more, they even keep us longer than the allotted space of one hour, and quarrel among themselves for our possession.

On the other hand we have made many enemies. This is not strange; it is the lot of all things truly great. Our enemies do not, however, any longer molest us. After having thrown the Sophomores out of the elevator and the Freshmen down stairs, we were left in peace by all. As for the Seniors—pshaw, they don't count anyway.

But why further recount our many valorous deeds? Why further lift the veil of mystery that enshrouds us and disclose all our cherished secrets and inner workings?

To those who wish to know more of the Junior Class, to know something of its doings, its abilities, its monumental achievements and its power, I say, read the Integral, which is the epitome of the class; and hesitate not to buy it. It is ours; we paid for it.





SOPHOMORES

Class of 1902

A. H. Anderson
M. F. Baird
M. W. Briggs
W. O. Collins
M. C. Fairweather
W. W. Felt
F. J. Field
E. H. Freeman
H. R. Harbeck
Roscoe Harris
E. T. Harwood
R. M. Henderson
R. M. Heskett
Roy Hunter
Wm. Lang
F. G. Larkin
E. S. Lewis
E. S. Libby
E. W. Lilienfeld
H. P. Miller
I. D. Miller
C. M. S. Moss
H. L. Nachman
V. S. Persons
Walter Putnam
R. G. Reiniger
L. A. Sanford
Oscar Scheidler
S. E. Shafer
S. L. Smith
W. R. Taylor
E. L. Wallace
J. E. Week
G. R. Willis



History of the Class of 1902

WHATEVER disputes may arise regarding the new century's beginning with 1900 or 1901, there is ipso facto evidence that, for the broad realm of Technology, a new and brilliant era is inaugurated by the astute Sophomores of Armour Institute, 1902. In scholarly pursuits we showed, from the first, such ability, comprehension and concentration that our professors were amazed and delighted, and when the end of our Freshman year arrived they could not bear to part with us and prevailed upon some of our members to gladden their class rooms for another term, as an inspiration and a guide to the puerile class of '03. We rescued the "Fulcrum" from the feeble hands of its founders and, with Field for editor and Larkin for business manager, it was no surprise to us to hear that "Harper Brothers" had had a receiver appointed immediately after the publication of our second number.

Seidl is lost to the world, it is true, but the class of '02 has produced a Henderson, a Reiniger, a Franklin. What will become of our honored Glee and Mandolin Club when deprived of the sweet singers and skilled musicians of our class? May the classes of '04 and '05 have some members who will be able to supply the loss.

In athletics we excel in basket ball, having probably the best class team in the Institute, and we are trying to rouse the dormant athletic spirit of the other classes to compete with us on the track and in the field. We are prominent in all plans for fostering class and college spirit. Some genius suggested that we fly our class banner over the stage during the 1900 Glee and Mandolin Club concert, but the Freshmen, thinking to frustrate our plan, cut the wire which we had strung across the stage. This was neither a surprise nor a sorrow, as Harris hung the royal purple burgee from the vaulted ceiling, as easily as most people would hang from a strap in the street car. Then we gathered for shouts of exultation and to protect our flag from the irreverent Freshies and the haughty Juniors, but they feared our might and the banner waved unmolested.

Above and beyond these material things our mental vision has extended. Through applied science we have explored new fields of thought. Let the members of the class of '02 strive, not only to reflect credit on Armour Institute by their success in their chosen pursuits, but let each one show that his whole being has here developed into that expression of noble manhood that will make him truly helpful as a citizen and a neighbor.




1903

Class of 1903

Colors — Olive Green and White

Officers and Members

Emil F. Nelson, President — Ellis C. Soper, Vice-President

Grafton Stevens, Secretary — Roswell Sears Lander, Treasurer

Folger Adam
R. M. Albright
R. M. Ashby
Fred Babcock
J. S. Banta
R. Burgess
W. M. Byrne
D. I. Cooke
W. H. Dunlap
D. C. Dyer
E. E. Edgcomb
J. O. Fisher
R. A. Gray
H. H. Johnson
M. Kabateck
C. S. Keifer
C. A. Kloman
J. H. Lanning
M. M. Levings
J. H. S. Mueller
L. T. Najdowski
W. C. P. Phillips
E. L. Quien
G. B. Robinson
H. E. Russian
F. O. Seymour
S. B. Sherman
H. S. Shimizu
McCoy Smith
S. L. Smith
R. A. Stahl
J. F. Strickler
Arthur Wagner
Thomas Yates

Executive Committee

Ellis C. Soper, Chairman — Maurice J. Weisskoph

Wm. S. Taussig — H. Boyd Rawson

Social Committee

W. C. Matthews, Chairman

G. W. Neistadt — R. S. Draper

Athletic Committee

W. C. P. Phillips, Chairman

W. M. Byrne — R. M. Albright



Freshman History

IT is well enough to talk of doing as the Romans do. Go to Rome and try it. Still, if one would be a Roman of the Romans, there is no better line of action than that laid down in the foregoing precept. There we were on Entrance Day hovering fitfully about the office and library, not sure that we had any business in either place, and afraid to leave for other regions.

Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores fumed about in blissful consciousness of their importance. Would we ever know so well how to make out our program, whether we ought to walk up stairs or ride in the elevator, what knowledge indispensable and what superfluous, as these affable upper-classmen on the self-appointed committee of initiation.

We began to realize what "survival of the fittest" meant. New and startling developments appeared each day and threatened to overwhelm our mental existence.

Alas, poor creatures! They had felt their future was before them; a few months later many felt as though their future was behind them.

A short time after this process of initiation a Junior, attracted by one of the young men who was standing in front of the bulletin board with his upper and lower maxillaries widely separated, inquired for an explanation of this peculiar attitude. He got it. The youth replied that, as he "had seen so much during the past few hours his optics were fatigued, and he was resting them by taking in the sights through his eye teeth."

The Freshmen thus introduced themselves as men of mighty intellect.

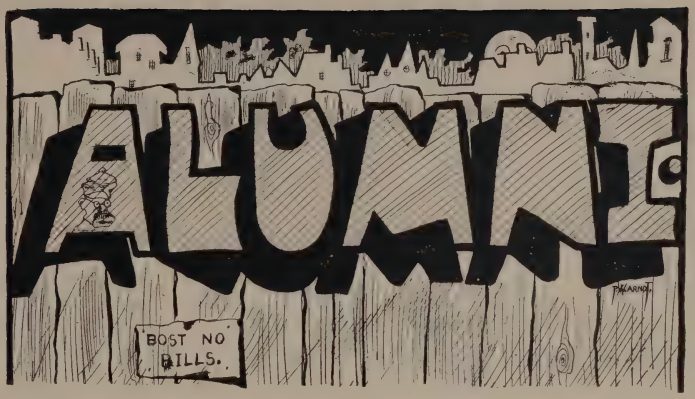
Realizing that "in union there is strength," they sought to form a protective association to be known as the Class of '03. Regular meetings were held from week to week. Executive, social and athletic committees were appointed. As the class was twice the size of any other in school they unanimously concluded they could do as they pleased and have whatever they asked for. Being of temperate habits and not having as yet found it necessary to advise the faculty, no one can dispute this power.

During one of our historic meetings we favored the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. with an opportunity to divulge the secrets of that organization. The class quickly recognized the high moral and pleasant social advantages of the organization and has taken the initiative in forming a branch in the school.

The few brief months we have kept on the alert, diligently pursued by our studies, have been sufficient to look into a future of unrivaled splendor. The trials of the past are but a preparation for our future glory. The disappointments in exams are but the stepping stones to future greatness, the burning midnight gas is the light that will illumine our pathway to prosperity. We plod on with ever-increasing wisdom and learning and feel assured that an anxious world is awaiting us with outstretched arms and a knife in its boot.

But we are like charity, not all puffed up. Modesty forbears that we torture longer the bleeding public with plaudits of our glory.





Graduates of 1897

At the First Annual Commencement, on June 16, 1897, the Institute conferred the following degrees:

Paul Reed Chapman, B. S. in E. E.
Electric Protective Safe Co., Chicago, Illinois

Edwin Sears Church, B. S. in E. E.
Superintendent of Machinery, United States Mint, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Clarence Everett Freeman, B. S. in E. E.
Associate Professor of Electrical Engineering, Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Illinois

Benjamin Howell Glover, B. S. in E. E.
Electrical Engineer, Underwriters' Bureau of Fire Protection Engineering, Chicago, Illinois

F. Benson Hall, B. S. in M. E.
The Sargent Co., Chicago, Illinois

Bertram Gillette Jamison, B. S. in E. E.
The Chicago Edison Co., Chicago, Illinois

Frederick Carter Johnson, B. S. in M. E.
Instructor in The Tuskegee Normal School, Tuskegee, Alabama

Neil McIntyre Loney, B. S. in M. E.
Pennsylvania Co., Fort Wayne, Indiana

Gerald Mahony, B. S. in E. E.
Manager The Lakon Co., Elkhart, Indiana

Charles T. Malcolmson, B. S. in E. E.
Electrical Engineer, Department of Machinery and Electricity, United States Commission to the Paris Exposition, 1900, 20 Avenue Rapp, Paris

George Leo Matt, B. S. in E. E.
Electrician, Boys' Industrial School, Lancaster, Ohio

Edward D. O'Brien, B. S. in E. E.
Department of Public Works, Bureau of Streets, Chicago, Illinois

Robert Vallette Perry, B. S. in M. E.
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, Chicago, Illinois

Isidor Prenner, B. S. in E. E.
American Carbide Co., Holstein, Iowa

Ralph Herbert Rice, B. S. in E. E.
Graduate Student, University of Chicago

Erskine Richardson, B. S. in E. E.
The Richardson Co., Grain Merchants, Board of Trade, Chicago, Illinois

Max Salamson, B. S. in E. E.
The General Electric Co., Schenectady, New York

Frank Delbert Sheibley, B. S. in E. E.
Chicago Rheostat Co., Chicago, Illinois

William Fargo Sims, B. S. in E. E.
Engineering Department, Chicago Telephone Co., Chicago, Illinois

James Richard Sloan, B. S. in E. E.
Electrical Engineer, The Pullman Palace Car Co., office of District Superintendent, Jersey City, New Jersey

John Jones Wheeler, B. S. in M. E.
Instructor in The Tuskegee Normal School, Tuskegee, Alabama

Graduates of 1898

At the Second Annual Commencement, on June 22, 1898, the Institute conferred the following degrees in course:

Edgar Emerson Blodgett, B. S. in E. E.
Inspector, Bureau of Insurance Information, Chicago, Illinois

Frank Sherman Fairman, B. S. in A.
Died November 11, 1899, Chicago, Illinois

Louis Hequembourg Flanders, B. S. in M. E.
Instructor in Mechanical Engineering, Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Illinois

Richard H. Gay, B. S. in E. E.
Engineering Department, United States Senate, Washington, D. C.

Edwin George Hindert, B. S. in E. E.
Western Electric Co., Chicago, Illinois

Edward Frederick Kappes, B. S. in E. E.
Chicago Telephone Co., Chicago, Illinois

Edward W. Leeper, B. S. in E. E.
Special Inspector Engineering Department, Central Union Telephone Co., Columbus, Ohio

Harry A. McClyment, B. S. in E. E.
Simplex Railway Appliance Co., Fisher Building, Chicago, Illinois

Donald Mackenzie, B. S. in E. E.
Assistant Chief Engineer, Swift & Co., Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

George E. Morris, B. S. in A.
Jennie & Mundie, Architects, New York Life Building, Chicago, Illinois.

Edwin Harry Nagelstock, B. S. in E. E.
General Electric Co., Schenectady, New York

George H. Patten, B. S. in E. E.
Pierce & Richardson, Consulting Engineers, Manhattan Building, Chicago, Illinois

Charles Harrison Roesch, B. S. in E. E.
Office of the Auditor for the War Department, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

Harry Joseph Slaker, B. S. in E. E.
Special Treasury Agent, United States Mint, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Warren E. Weinsheimer, B. S. in E. E.
Department of Machinery and Electricity, United States Commission to the Paris Exposition in 1900
Auditorium Building, Chicago, Illinois

Graduates of 1899

At the Third Annual Commencement, on June 21, 1899, the Institute conferred the following degrees in course:

Alfred Samuel Alschuler, B. S. in A.
Henry L. Ottenheimer, Architect, Fort Dearborn Building, Chicago, Illinois

William Henry Beattys, B. S. in E. E.
Edison Electric Co., Chicago, Illinois

Sumner Ellis Bippus, B. S. in E. E.
Pierce & Richardson, Consulting Engineers, Manhattan Building, Chicago, Illinois

Arthur James Burr, B. S. in E. E.
Instructor in Electrical Engineering, Armour Institute of Technology, Chicago, Illinois

Sidney Thomas Corey, B. S. in E. E.
Central Union Telephone Co., Chicago, Illinois

Louis Elliott, B. S. in E. E.
Cosmopolitan Electric Co., Ashland Block, Chicago, Illinois

Samuel Clarkson Fiddyment, B. S. in E. E.
Cosmopolitan Electric Co., Ashland Block, Chicago, Illinois

Albert Homer Goodhue, B. S. in M. E.
A. H. Barker & Co., Chicago, Illinois

William James Gordon, B. S. in M. E.
Chief Engineer, Illinois State Reformatory, Pontiac, Illinois

George Kojiro Hanai, B. S. in E. E.
Yokohama, Japan

Ray Simeon Huey, B. S. in E. E.
Ogden Gas Co., Chicago, Illinois

Ernest Conover Johnson, B. S. in E. E.
McIntosh Battery and Optical Co., Chicago, Illinois

Morris Wisner Lee, B. S. in M. E.
Swift & Co., Union Stock Yards, Chicago, Illinois

Charles Tobias Lewis, B. S. in M. E.
Illinois Steel Co., South Chicago, Illinois

Louis Frank Mahler, B. S. in E. E.
The George D. Moffat Co., Chicago, Illinois

Oscar Bernard Marienthal, B. S. in A.
F. P. Bagley & Co., Chicago, Illinois

Will D. Matthews, B. S. in E. E.
Information Bureau, Fire Insurance Inspections, Chicago, Illinois

Charles Sumner Morse, B. S. in E. E.
Instructor in Manual Training and Drafting, John Worthy School, Chicago, Illinois

Elmer H. Olson, B. S. in E. E.
Joint Track Elevation Co., Chicago, Illinois

William Blanxius Pavey, B. S. in M. E.
The Sargent Co., Chicago, Illinois

Louis Irving Porter, B. S. in E. E.
Chicago Edison Co., Chicago, Illinois

Horace Swett Powers, B. S. in A.
Architectural Draftsman, U. S. Commission to the Paris Exposition in 1900, Auditorium Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

Chauncey Owens Rawson, B. S. in E. E.
The Standard, Boston, Massachusetts

Bela de Rimanoczy, B. S. in E. E.
Chicago Edison Co., Chicago, Illinois

Carl Paul Schroeder, B. S. in E. E.
Rae & Monroe, Engineers, Fort Dearborn Building, Chicago, Illinois

Benedict Shubart, B. S. in M. E.
Garden City Zinc and Lead Mining Co., Webb City, Missouri

Edd Vincent Starkweather, B. S. in E. E.
Information Bureau, Fire Insurance Inspections, Chicago, Illinois

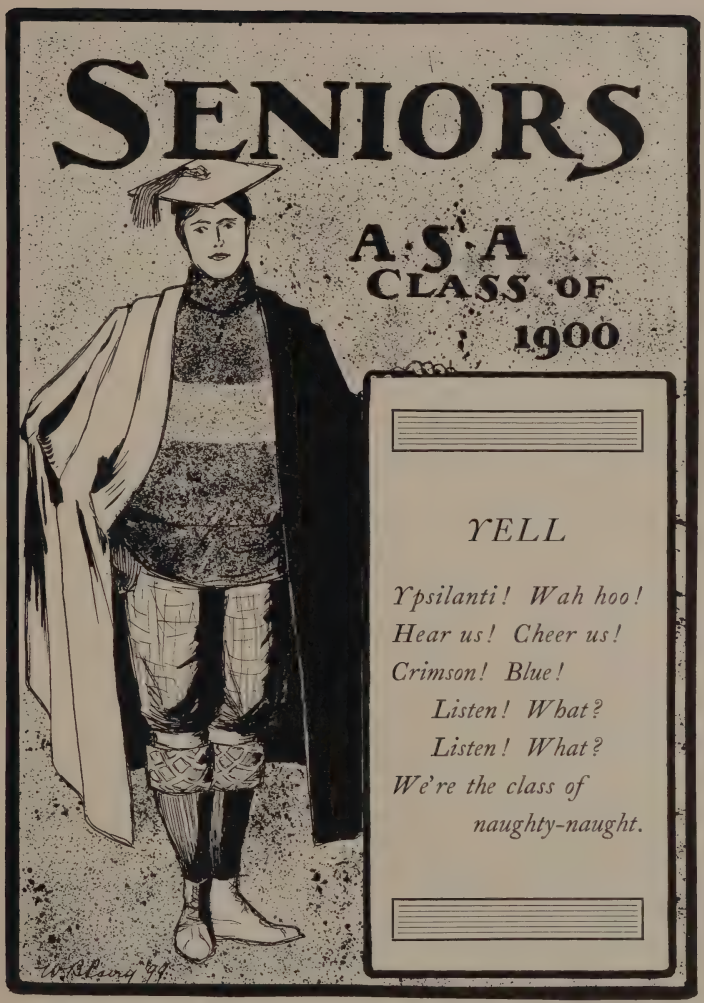
Clarence Lyle Tarbell, B. S. in M. E.
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, St. Louis, Missouri

Otis Norman Terry, B. S. in M. E.
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, Chicago, Illinois

Frederick Wight Twichell, B. S. in E. E.
Western Electric Co., Chicago, Illinois

William Warren, B. S. in E. E.
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, Chicago, Illinois

Ernest Cantelo White, B. S. in M. E.
Manager, The Engineering Agency, Monadnock Building, Chicago, Illinois


SENIORS
A·S·A
CLASS OF
1900
YELL
Ypsilanti! Wah hoo!
Hear us! Cheer us!
Crimson! Blue!
Listen! What?
Listen! What?
We're the class of
naughty-naught.

Class of 1900, A. S. A.

Colors — Crimson and Royal Blue

Officers and Members

F. von Hermann, President — E. P. Whittaker, Vice-President
W. C. G. Wilson, Secretary — D. Harris, Treasurer
W. C. G. Wilson, Fulcrum Representative

Miss E. Adams
J. R. Bartlett
W. W. Bean
Miss C. Blatt
F. E. Boland
S. D. Braun
C. N. Casey
Miss Clark
R. K. Compton
F. A. Coy
James Crawford
A. R. Dyer
M. S. Flinn
W. B. Gillies
J. S. Glidden
E. W. Grover
L. G. Harmon
M. M. Hart
E. J. Hiller
H. P. Hinds
W. W. Hoops
E. W. Hoskins
F. D. Hunn
A. M. Jens
A. Koch
G. V. Lawrence
Miss J. Lingle
A. L. Lucius
E. L. Lundgren
E. Maher
Miss L. S. Matthews
A. C. McArthur
Miss M. McDonald
Miss M. McEvoy
D. E. Nichols
C. L. Parish
W. C. Raymond
Miss V. Stern
Miss Taussig
Miss F. A. Wilder
D. E. Willard
R. E. Williams
Herbert Zuckermann



History of Senior Academy



RMOUR Academy was first gladdened in September, 1896, by the sight of a little band of strangers; who, although at that time looking most forlorn and lonesome, were destined to become one day a mighty and prosperous class, for they were the first symptoms of us—the Class of '00. During our first year we did not do much except observe how things were done. We got a good working knowledge of the Profs., we learned to refrain from trying to pay our triennial $20 at the Dean's office, we discovered that the elevator was for "ladies only," and gradually left off calling the Tech students Mr. We also organized in our first year a custom which is very rarely followed; and Vaughn gave a foretaste of his magnificent skill as a jumper by winning second in the pole vault on field-day.

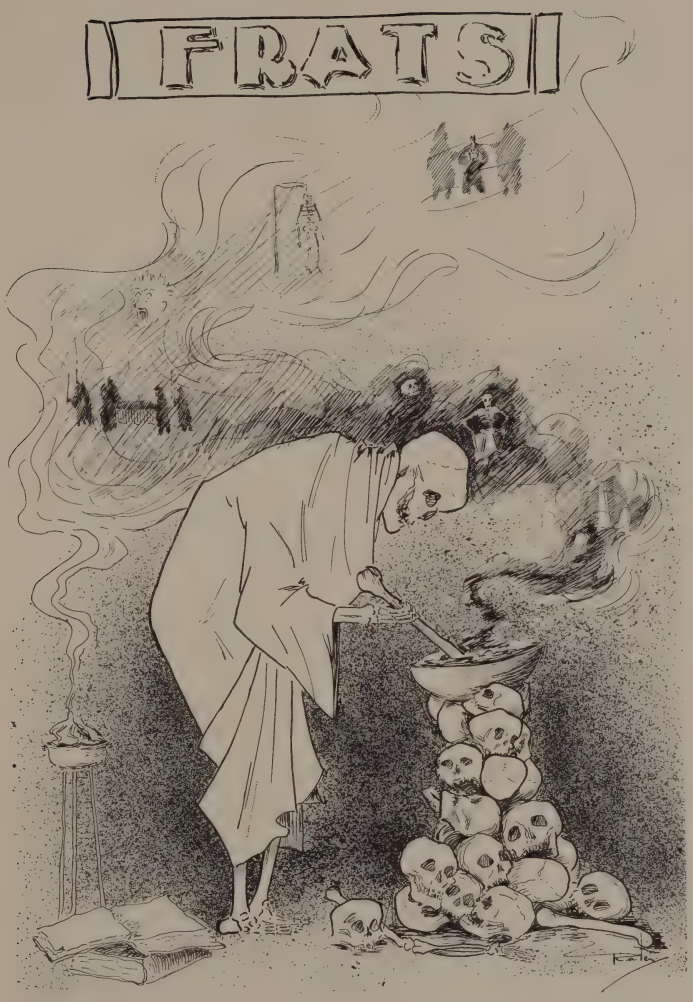
During our second and third years we climbed up the ladder of fame in jumps. In the spring of '98 we defeated the Class of '99 Acad in a dual field meet, our score being nearly double theirs, while '98 was only saved from the same fate by refusing the challenge. We also studied English reading under Mr. Manning and illustrated the battle scenes in the classroom, all but the chaste Buck McArthur taking part. The year of '98-'99 brought even greater triumphs. Our stars, Vaughn and Wasserstrass, carried off the Academy championships in their respective branches at the Tattersall meet; Jens, Prentice and Butterworth were among the "main guys" on the Institute football team, and Bartlett and his men had made '00s the champion basket ball team of the Academy. Verily there were no flys on the class of '00.

And now, behold us in the might and beauty of our fourth year. Our dance was a glorious success in every way, we outshone all our predecessors there, and we have been the guests of '01 at a social function almost as brilliant. Our class dues are paid up to date, our class yell is a thing of beauty and poetry, and our pin is a "peach." Miss Lang says that if we would only show more enthusiasm over the subjunctive case and separable verbs we would be the—but that must not be repeated, lest the demon Envy appear. We have labored hard (at times), and now that our four years' course is through we have a right to feel satisfied with everything but the thought that the old class will soon become a mere memory. Well, it will be a pretty satisfactory memory, at any rate, and we can rest assured that we have disproved that motto which was once suggested for us by a sarcastic friend: "E nullo nullum est."



CLASS WINDOW

Presented to A. I. T. by Class '99 A. S A.


FRATS

Phi Kappa Sigma

Alpha Epsilon Chapter

Omicron Kappa Pi

Delta Chapter

Mu Delta Sigma

Zeta Chapter

Alpha Delta Sigma Sorority

Alpha Chapter




ΧΩΨΞΕΜΚΘΖΛΒ
ΓΕΗΙΛΝΡΤΦΥ
ΦΚΣ
ΦΚΣ
ΦΚΣ
ΦΚΣ

Phi Kappa Sigma

Chapter Roll

Alpha	University of Pennsylvania
Delta	Washington and Jefferson College
Epsilon	Dickinson College
Zeta	Franklin and Marshall College
Eta	University of Virginia
Tau	Randolph-Macon College
Upsilon	Northwestern University
Phi	Richmond College
Psi	Pennsylvania State College
Alpha-Alpha	Washington and Lee University
Alpha-Gamma	West Virginia University
Alpha-Delta	University of Maine
Alpha-Epsilon	Armour Institute of Technology
Alpha-Zeta	University of Maryland

Alpha Epsilon Chapter

1897

James R. Sloan
William F. Sims
Edwin S. Church

1898

Harry A. MacClyment
Charles H. Roesch
George H. Patton

1899

Sumner E. Bippus
Ernest C. White
Edd V. Starkweather
Will D. Matthews
William J. Gordon

1900

George A. Feindt
Frank Y. Low
Charles A. Garcelon
George F. Hayden
Erle S. Roos
Charles S. Longnecker

1901

Robert J. Raley
Walter E. Miller
Robert T. Fry
Alden C. Noble
Thomas W. Stevens

1902

Roy M. Henderson
Marion W. Briggs
Robert R. Jones
R. M. Haskett

1903

Roswell S. Lander
Ellis C. Soper





Copyright 1899,
by Armour Chapter of Omicron Kappa Pi.

Omicron Kappa Pi

Founded 1893

Chicago Academy

SENATE — Chicago University

Chapter Roll

Chicago Academy
West Division High School
Lewis Institute
Armour Scientific Academy
South Side Academy
Milwaukee East Side High School
Milwaukee West Side High School
Milwaukee Academy
Potsdam School of Technology, Preparatory Dept., N. Y.
New York State Normal School, Prep. Dept., Potsdam, N. Y.
Lake Forest Academy

Omicron Kappi Pi

Delta Chapter

Established 1897

Fratres in Urbe

A. L. Hopkins
L. H. Vaughan
W. C. Matthews
R. A. McNally
D. W. Hopkins

Fratres in Academia

Paul W. Arndt
John R. Bartlett
Clifford C. Cole
Frank A. Coy
Louis A. Delano
Horace Hinds
Albert C. McArthur
D. Earl Nichols
Emory Rockwell
*Charles G. Vaughan
Edwin P. Whitaker
W. C. Wilson

*Deceased

Colors — Black and Gold





Mu Delta Sigma

Clarence J. Mayer	'01
Donald E. Willard	'00
Melville S. Flinn	'00
James A. Crawford	'00
Charles Hermann	'01
Frank G. Walter	'00
Edward A. Walter	'00
Arthur Mark Jens	'00
Clarence Dexter	'01
Harley M. Beers	'01
Albert Crane	'01
George McGavic	'00



Alpha Delta Sigma

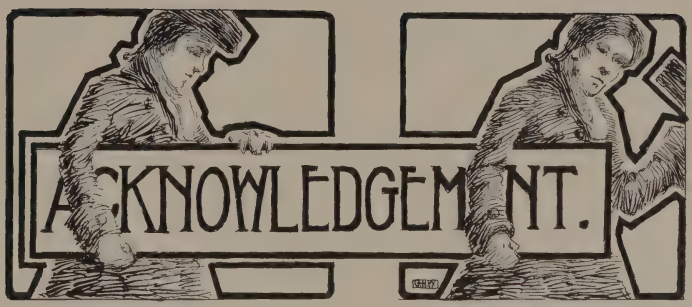
Alpha Delta Sigma

The Alpha Chapter of the Alpha Delta Sigma was established in the Academy in the spring of 1899 with the following members:

Alice McLennan	Jessie Nichols
Mary Gunsaulus	Florence Browne
Florence Mandel	Ethel Hoops
Minnie Fisher	

With the exception of the last named and the addition of Wilma Cox and Sylvia Goodman the membership remains unchanged. The colors of the Sorority are purple and gold.





The following Artists have contributed much to make this volume, and have our most hearty thanks

Paul Arndt
Ward Brown
Miss Belden
Waldo Bowser
E. Davidson
W. J. Enright
Miss Ericson
Miss Nora Hill
Miss Hess
Dick Hollis
Kiedaisch
C. S. Keifer
A. H. Krehbiel
Miss McClure
Miss Beulah Mitchell
McGavic
J. W. Norton
Allen E. Philbrick
W. B. Pavey
Mary Brooks Parker
R. J. Raley
Walter Rowe
Miss Julia Roper
G. H. Williams
Harry Townsend



The Integral

Nineteen :: :: Hundred

Alden Charles Noble
Editor

Herbert S. Rosenthal
Ass't Editor

Robert James Raley
Business Manager

W. Raymond Ruegnitz
Ass't Business Manager


INTEGRAL BOARD
W.R.RUEGNITZ
A.C.NOBLE
H.ROSENTHAL
1900
R.J.RALEY


THE
FULCRUM
W.S.Allen 1900

Fulcrum Editors

Francis J. Field
Editor

C. M. Moss
Literary Editor

H. R. Harbeck
Social Editor

E. S. Libby
Athletic Editor

F. G. Larkin
Business Manager

R. M. Henderson
Ass't Business Manager




C.M.MOSS.
E.S.LIBBY.
F.G.LARKIN.
F.J.FIELD.
R.M.HENDERSON.
H.R.HARBECK.

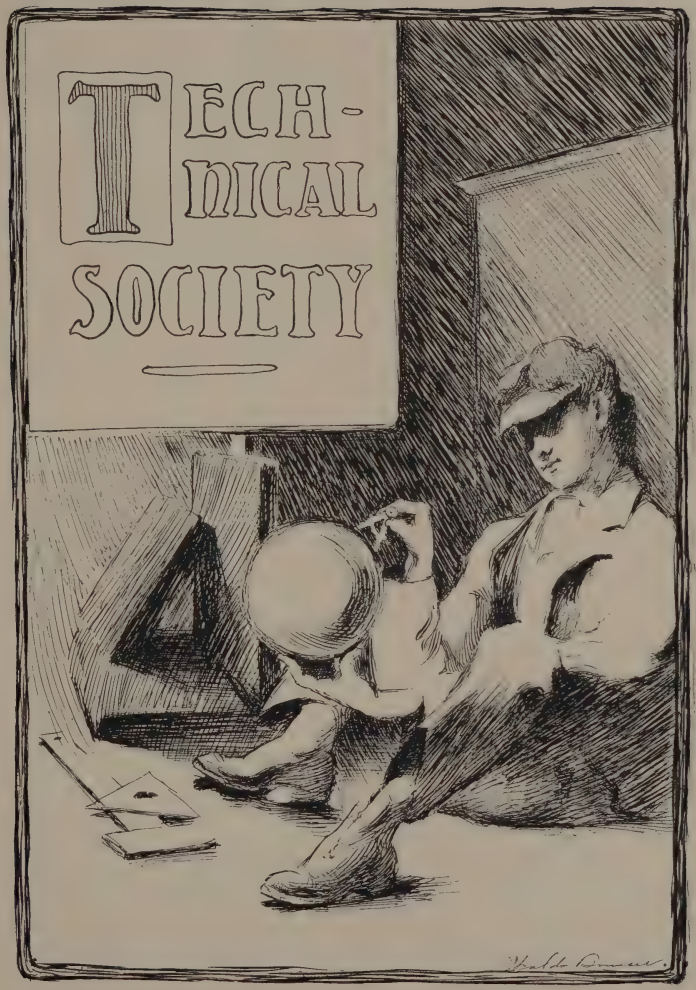
Societies



Technical Society

List of Papers

January 17, 1899	Mechanical Refrigeration	M. W. Lee
	Manufacture of a $1.00 Bill	E. V. Starkweather
February 7, 1899	Manufacture of Japanese Swords	G. Hanai
	Nicaragua Canal	E. V. Starkweather
	Americanizing the Philipinos	E. H. Olson
	The New Process of Carbide Manufacture	M. W. Lee
	College Man versus the Self-Made Man	Bela de Rimanoczy
	Trusts and Their Effects	L. I. Porter
February 21, 1899	Address by Collins on His Work on the Oregon (illustrated)	
	Address by W. D. Matthews on His Experiences in the Army	
March 7, 1899	The Cheese Industry	E. C. Johnson
	The Peach Industry	L. I. Porter
April 18, 1899	Telephone Switchboards	G. F. Hayden
	Practical Engineering	W. T. Dean
May 2, 1899	Sprague Multiple Unit System	R. R. Jones
	The Carbide Industry	R. G. Reiniger
May 15, 1899	The Arnold System	Bela de Rimanoczy
	Short Talks—	
	Naval Signals	W. O. Collins
	Gas Engines	R. S. Huey
	Plane Glass Lenses	R. R. Jones
	Rotary Converters	E. H. Olson
June 6, 1899	Cast Rail Joints	Stevens
	Hardening and Tempering of Steel	C. W. Pierce
	The Automobile	C. S. Longnecker
	Ship-Building in America	Putnam
	Preventable Explosions	Prof. McClement
January 19, 1900	Asphalt and Asphalt Pavements	F. J. Field
	Roads	R. C. Martin


TECH-
NICAL
SOCIETY

Technical Society

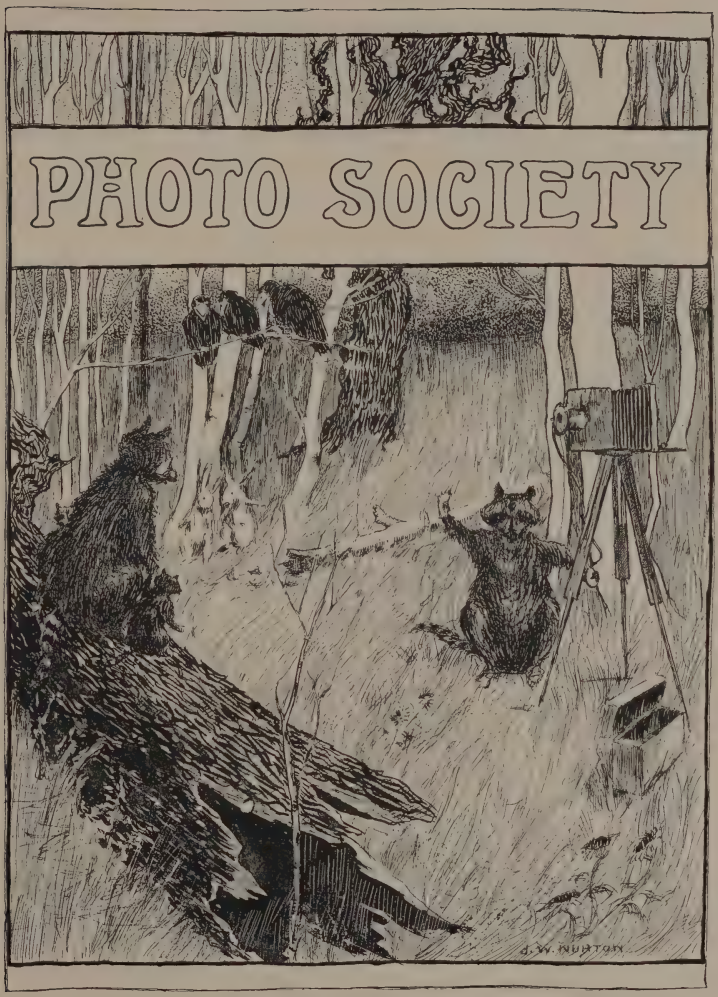
Officers and Members

C. S. Longnecker, President
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L. C. Bradley, Second Vice-President
F. J. Field, Third Vice-President
R. G. Reiniger, Secretary
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W. O. Collins, Marshal

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C. W. Pierce
W. Putnam
F. O. Seymour
Oscar Scheidler
M. Sklovsky
John Tousley
F. P. Walther
J. Weeks
F. W. Zimmerman

Board of Control

G. F. Hayden
L. C. Bradley
F. J. Field


PHOTO SOCIETY
J. W. NUTTON

Photographical Society

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Prof. McClement, Treasurer
Roy Williams, Ass't Treasurer

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A. E. Smith
L. A. Sommers
G. Stevens
Wm. R. Taylor
A. Weller
Jacob Wiel

Prof. Williams

Object of Photo Society

The object of this society is to promote the interest in amateur photography and to train its members artistically, scientifically and technically.

The studio is at 3348 Armour avenue. The dark room is large and roomy, equipped with six electric ruby lamps, an electric fan for drying plates, large water bath, etc.

Special attention is given to portrait work. A hand-fed arc lamp, with reflectors, shades and background of several different styles, is to be found for use of the members.

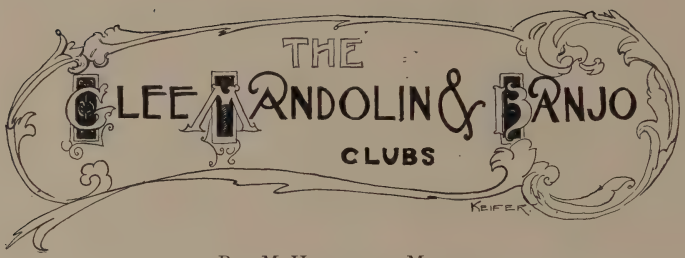

THE CHESS CLUB

Chess Club

Mark H. Arnold, President
H. S. Rosenthal, Secretary
Oscar A. Rocklitz, Vice-President
Sylvester Beers, Treasurer

F. H. Bernhard
L. Cohen
Louis Flanders
Dean Harvey
Fred A. Krehbiel
Edwin Libby
Wm. S. Taussig
John E. Weeks


MVSIC



ROY M. HENDERSON, Manager
FRANCIS J. FIELD, Assistant Manager
W. B. WEBSTER, Director of Glee Club
SIG. SALVATORE TAMASO, Director of Mandolin Club

Glee Club

I. C. FRANKLIN, Leader

TENORS

H. A. Whitney	F. J. Field	I. C. Franklin	W. D. Ringland
G. B. Robinson	W. I. Lewis	J. D. Brooke	A. C. Minear

BASSOS

W. E. Miller	M. R. Nyman	W. S. Taussig	W. H. Dunlap
R. S. Draper	W. A. Nelson	R. B. Harris	F. G. Pease

A. C. MacArthur

Mandolin Club

FIRST MANDOLINS

R. M. Henderson W. S. Bates F. J. Field H. R. Harbeck
Oscar Scheidler

SECOND MANDOLINS

D. E. Nichols E. P. Whitaker W. W. Hoops F. J. Von Hermann

GUITARS

R. G. Reiniger A. E. Lucius S. E. Shafer H. S. Brown J. E. Week

CELLO—E. Hiller

Banjo Club

R. G. REINIGER, Leader

FIRST BANJOS—D. C. Dyer R. E. Pingree SECOND BANJO—W. E. Price
PICCOLO—R. S. Draper GUITARS—R. G. Reiniger S. E. Shafer

Glee, Mandolin and Banjo Clubs



HE previous numbers of the Integral have about exhausted the short history which these organizations have accumulated since their inauguration. Every possible excuse for existence on the part of the clubs has been explained and proved until one, in reading former pages of the Integral feels somehow that possibly there is no excuse. It is the duty of the scribe to once more assert that in the nature of things we were fore-ordained to serve the "Muses." Our single efforts only brought wrath and boot-jacks on our heads, but collectively we were too strong and vigorous to be subdued and so no attempt to crush us was made. Thus left to pursue our way in unmolested tranquillity we afflict the ears of our fellow students but two or three times during the year, mostly trolling our merry lays in other fields where "Fields" and genius are appreciated. Despite the scornful critic, only once have we failed to satisfy. The single exception was a night clerk, an unmusical night clerk in a hotel in Racine. This anti-Wagnerite, with no appreciative soul, hastily mounted four flights of stairs early one morning and vigorously remonstrated against "the noise!"

Who threw the boot? Ask the Sphinx if ye would know. It will ever be shrouded in mystery. We haughtily sought solace for our wounded spirits in the arms of Morpheus. The next morning we found that our friend the N. C. had evaporated and all anticipations of a general agitation with him were dissipated. From then on we have had things our own way, and it is with a sense of true joy that we sing—

"In merry mood are we, O Armour!"

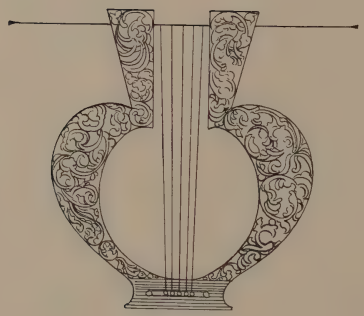
The election for the season of 1899-1900 brought a radical change to the Glee Club. Mr. Webster was engaged as instructor and Mr. Franklin was elected to lead the club. The Mandolin Club still retained Signor Tomaso as instructor. The management of the Clubs was placed in the hands of Mr. R. M. Henderson, '02, Mr. F. J. Field, '02, assisting in that capacity.

The Banjo Club heretofore has had more or less difficulties with which to contend, but from now on its success seems to be assured. This year's Banjo Club, under the able direction of Mr. R. G. Reiniger, '02, has demonstrated that their connection with the musical clubs is indispensable.

On Thanksgiving part of the musical clubs went to Elgin where, after a short musical program, the men were entertained by the young ladies in a most delightful manner.

Our concert in Racine was, as Mr. Shakespeare has it, "a very palpable hit." The audience became so enthusiastic that after our last number they dared us to come back. Some of the members did return and it was then occurred "the palpable hit" that has been mentioned. An unvaccinated egg is, perhaps, not the best conveyance for one's appreciation.

The personel of the clubs will be practically unchanged next year and the great success of the home concert for 1900 gives every indication that at future concerts students will experience the pleasure of hearing the finest musical clubs in the history of the Institute chant the praises of A. I. T.





Modeled by Mary Brooks Parker



The Right Forward, the Girl, and the Left Guard [Prize Story]

DOWN through the halls expectancy floated. It was the old game over again — the last of a series. This game was important. It loomed big because it was to decide the season, and the present season is, by reason of proximity, a matter of greater moment than all the seasons of the past combined. This is natural, for the rigor of the game on the floor is more intense than that of all the games the Alumni and old-timers relate. This is true because, in athletics, as in some other things, the joy is in the thrill we feel, and an indifferent fight of unmatched dogs thrills more intimately than all the battles of dead kings. So the crowd that gathered in the Gymnasium was quiet. Even the "outside" girls, brought by fellows who usually came alone, were hushed by the tension in the air. There was a slightly louder hum for a moment when the Left Guard brought in the Girl and seated her under the ladder by the west wall. But the sensation was little and short lived, for the Left Guard was not a popular favorite.

His place on the team had always been uncertain. In fact, many wondered how he got there at all. Of course, it was only because Wines had left school, and there was no one else in sight. Not that the Guard did not know the game, for he did—few better. Also he kept his head, and followed his man reasonably well. But that was all he did. There was the seat of the trouble. He had neither the strength for rushing play, the speed for sensational *coups de force*, nor the brilliancy in seizing opportunity as Fate decreed it, for a star. He lacked the genius of the game.

So the gathering crowd forgot him as soon as the dressing-room door closed behind him. The Girl was of greater interest—but all topics yielded to the coming contest.

And then the Right Forward, surnamed the Majestic One, appeared clad in battle array and grave importance, with just a dash of self-sufficiency. He came in and surveyed the crowd with head erect and frowning brow. At last he found the Girl and walked over to the west wall with a condescending gait.

Her greeting called him back to earth. But he was filled with the pride of the flesh as he sprawled at her feet. For the crowd was speaking of him.

"Where's the boy I brought?" she asked.

"Who's he?"

"The Left Guard."

"Oh, him."

"Well?"

"Nothing. He's here, I suppose."

The Majestic One was silent for a moment, while he tried to get his rubber shod foot into a position to upset a Freshman who was explaining to an outside girl what was about to be. Finding the leg of the Freshman's stool too far off, he desisted. The Girl was looking at the dressing-room door. Things were not going well.

"He's a kind of permanent substitute," said the Forward.

The Girl paid no attention. He repeated the assertion and she said "Oh," noncombatively. Then she lapsed into silence. He made a final effort to interest her with tales of Fond du Lac last year. He said that if she thought this was a good crowd she ought to have been *there* the night of the second game. She said something to the effect that if he thought that was great he'd orter see her big brother * * * The Right Forward was ruffled. He strolled over to the dressing room "to see if those bloomin' skates weren't pretty near ready." He was tired of waiting, he said.

Five minutes passed. The teams came out and practiced passing the ball and throwing baskets. The crowd found congenial things to say.

The game was called. The first half was played as many another first half has been played; hard and fast, a game of tense muscle, instant eye, and leaping blood. The play was clean in purpose and intent, but too fast for perfect control, and fouls were numerous; but because the intentions were evident they were allowed to pass. The umpires were enjoying the game. So were the Fox and the Cow, the Right Forward and the Left Guard, the Girl and the Crowd.

When the half ended, the score was a tie. Which is always a good thing for the game.

The Right Forward went and sprawled on the mattress again. The Guard went to the dressing-room and drank water furtively. He was thirsty.

The Forward confided to the Girl that he was going to win the game in the second half. That was the burden of his song. Literally, he said, "We've got 'em just where we want 'em. That man o' mine's a cinch. If we lose it won't be my fault. I've got him winded now."

The Girl was glad to hear it.



The Forward continued his dissertation, remarking, among other things, that if it were not for certain weak spots in the rear, the team might easily look for the Western Basket Ball Championship. The Girl replied absent-mindedly. Her preoccupation seemed to him to have a shade of sarcasm in it, and he resented it.

"You don't seem to take much interest in the game," he said at last.

"Yes, I do. You know I do."

He could not understand this girl. Here was the best game of the season, the swellest crowd, and himself devoting his time and glory to her alone. And yet she seemed unsatisfied. Perhaps, he thought, she was "the woman who never could understand."

So the Majestic One rose, and said he needed some courtplaster on his elbow. And she smiled sweetly upon him before he went for the plaster.

When he was gone she bit her lip and frowned delicately, thinking of what he had said about the weak spots in the rear. She also recalled his wish that Wines might be in his old place, just for tonight. She knew that the Left Guard had once been a fellow named Wines. But that was before she took an interest in the game.

The second half started with a rush. The men came into it under intense strain, and they were not yet sufficiently tired to become indifferent.

But the play was too fast for the Left Guard. He told himself he was doing his best. The crowd and the score told him that was not good enough. Then, because he was tired, he asked himself what was the use. And because in the midst of strife no answer came, his man made two baskets—both of which he should have blocked.

Then he asked himself the same question once more, and tripped a man hard by way of showing that there was no answer. The man fell, and the Right Forward swooped down on the ball and threw a goal from the farther end of the Gymnasium. The Guard's reasoning failed at that point. For he could not see why the Forward should be given credit for winning the series —the throw was the one which decided the game—merely because *he* had tripped a man. His conscience smote him for tripping; on this subject his conscience was generally silent.

Then the Guard decided that there really was no use; and he jabbed his man sharply in the ribs to prove it. The game was slower now, and more strictly watched. The man protested with what breath he had left (a sharp

blow on one's ribs does not conduce to fluency of diction), and the Guard was sent out of the game.

Nothing more happened until time was called, when the Majestic One was carried three times around the Gymnasium, and Pandemonium reigned in the proud house of Armour.

* * *

Afterward the Girl waited for the Guard to come out of the dressing-room. He came in due time, and was just helping her to put on her jacket when the Right Forward appeared.

"Aw, going so soon?" he asked.

"Yep," said the Guard shortly.

"Aren't you coming over to the House? We're going to have a little celebration, you know."

"Really, we can't wait," said the girl.

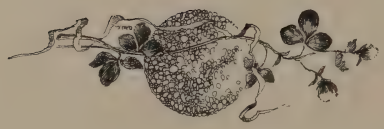
"That's too bad. Why, I've hardly seen you tonight."

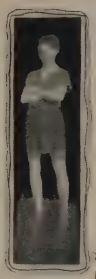
"That, my lord, is your misfortune," said the Girl.

As the Girl and the Left Guard were waiting for the elevator, the Majestic One heard her say, "Too bad you had such luck. I'm so sorry." And she laid her hand lightly on the Guard's arm.

The Majestic One cursed softly, and meditated on the vanity of all things. For he had tasted the sweets of triumph and they were not good.

THE MAN AT THE WINDOW.





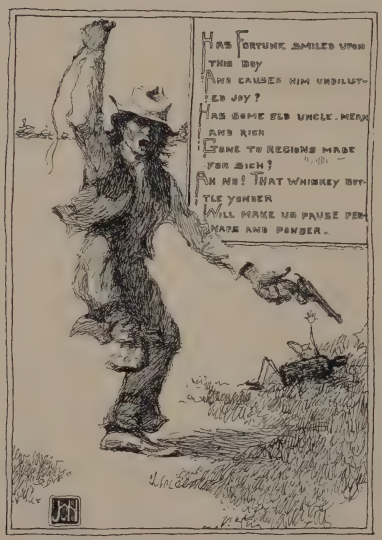
Why Slang!

A party of fellows and maidens
They went on a house-party spree,
And you need never think
There was nothing to drink,
For Freddy was there, don't you see.

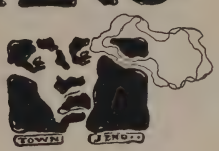
So they took all their water external.
Freddy, he was the star of the day.
When he bathed in Lake Zurich
He was clad in this poor ek-
Scuse for a suit—so they say.


Jesse James he runs the lay
Killed seven Greasers every day
You'd think that such a brutal gent
Would die in manner violent.
It proves the Greasers has no Gumption,
Who let James die of Slow Consumption.


Benson Williams, as 'tis said,
Has not much "sack"
in his head;
But Benson Williams
— and his kind —
Has the respect
of every mind.


Has Fortune smiled upon this Boy
And caused him undiluted joy?
Has some old uncle, meek and rich
Gone to Regions made for Rich?
Oh no! That whiskey bottle yonder
Will make us pause perhaps and ponder.

Fables in Slang



The Fable of the Lady and the Goat

A coy and decorous Youth came to College to be a Freshman. He was Successful. But this did not make him less Decorous. He only missed being Slow by Half a Lap.

A Frat. got after the Youth in his second term and Rushed him. So he was It. Meanwhile he had bought a Stein to put in his Room, and had Assumed an Air of Importance. A Prof. who had known his Father, took him to call on a Girl. Afterward he called Alone. Then the Frat. mixt in the Mill. The Youth was called up Against the Goat. He came, and They sent him to the Girl with his Coat on Backward, the left Leg of his Trousers Turned Up, and Instructions.

When She came to the Door of her mother's Flat the Youth was There. She Greeted him Cordially.

He sat down on the Floor, put his Thumb in his Mouth, and asked for Ma. The Girl set the Dog to

Watch him and sent her Brother for a Cop. Then She Lectured him. After a while They whistled. The Youth asked for Ma again (this was the thirty-first time) and Faded.

The next time he called he got the Icy Nit thru the Speaking Tube.

Moral: A cop can't tell a Drunk from a Goat.

The Fable of the Man who would Have been All Right if he had amounted to Anything

There was once an Abbreviated Specimen who undertook to be an Instructor of Youth. He was a Willing Performer, all right enough, and never scratched an Entry except for a Sudden Drop of one Sort or another. The Students were the ones who turned up Missing.

He gave long Histories of the Subjects the catalogue said he Taught, dating them Before or After his advent as Instructor. He would Waste fifty-five minutes out of every Recitation Hour. (The Class came five minutes late.) He told a Literary Member that he, the Instructor, was at Heart a Poet and an Idealist. This Member had been connected with The Fulcrum, so he took this Guff and never Batted an Eye. He said it Stuck Out all Over and said it was Ice not to be allowed to Follow one's own Pace.

But even now they Look at him with Mistrust. They seem to think that all his Thoughts aren't Milk and Honey from their end of the Wire.

Moral: Poets are born, and not made of somewhat sandy clay.

The Fable of the Faded Green Waist

Once there was a Girl who came Meandering down Armour Pike. It was about seven years before this time that, in a little Three-Ball Affair out her way, she came across a Green Waist. It hit her where she never Washed 'cause her Collar covered it. It was marked 73 cents, but after a little Guff and a few Glad Jollies, she got it for 49. It stood by her. She couldn't even Shake it long enough to get the Dust out.



In spite of its age, the thing was full of Life. It leaned against the Bookcases for Hours at a Time, till frightened Away by the Guardian Dragon.

It flapped with a Giddy Flip before the Eyes of Youth. It would, in its confiding Way, rest on a Man if Conditions were Right.

If there was anything going On, walter didn't seem afraid to Take it Around. He appeared gray by Contrast. But when the track was Heavy, a rank Outsider came to the Front, and while walter didn't get the Frozen Mitt, it was just as bad. So he Climbed to Oblivion.

Moral: There may be too Much of a Good Thing.

The Fable of the Solemn Kid and the Inspiration

There used to be a Solemn Guy on the Basket Ball Team. He was a Grave Kid, with Bats in his Belfry.

But he Acquired Acquaintance with a Girl in a Green Waist. Details would be Thrilling, but he got there Legitimately. She was his Bloomin' Idol and he didn't look at her Feet. The Green Waist set him Going, even when It wasn't backed up with the Smile. She came to the Giddy Games.

Once when the Team was well up Against It, things got to running Equal on the Second Half. The Sober Kid asked the Score when the game was stopped to put walter out for Jabbing. The Wise Moke who told him what it was, also said that the Green Waist was looking at the Kid. That was Metonymy.

Then the Kid threw a Goal in the South Basket from the Punching Bag and time was Up.

Moral: Inspiration is great stuff if your throw isn't blocked.

The Fable of the Graduate in Engineering who earned his Daily Bread by the Sweat of his Brow

A Big and roughhouse man came and played football many Seasons. The Prof. in the Drafting Room is compiling a bunch of Keys for deciphering the R. H. Man's Machine drawings. He was not Heavy in Calculus, but he never let a man thru his Side of the Line alive.



This Big Man had muscles of iron and a Face of Brass. But his knees developed alternating Lateral Stresses in the presence of the Gentler Sex. These stresses in-

duced perceptible vibrations on close contact. At Social Functions he always collaborated with Stags, Skips and poor Pigs.

But he weighed 186 and was the Hottest Guard in Black and Yellow, barring the other.

After graduating with eclat and a rented Suit, he got a Job at Engineering. Somehow he was connected with the Fuel Supply on a Switch Engine.

Then he wrote Articles for The Fulcrum on "How to Fire a Locomotive, even though Educated," and became an Alumnus.

That was the Height of his Ambition. His Diploma is tacked up in the Cab.

Moral: Even a Brand from the Burning may be good to Fire.

The Fable of the Handsome Brother

There were once two Brothers, who Lived in a little country Town. One Brother was very Large and very Handsome, and he went Away from home to Seek his Fortune.



Away, people didn't say he was the handsomest Article they had ever Seen. They said "Who's the guy with the Swelled Head?"

He entered into Dissipation and courted Disaster. He fell so Low as to take a room in a Flat on Armour Avenue.

His Fast Life is leaving its Trace upon him. He went Back



to Elgin, but his girl Turned him Down.

In his Despair, he turned to Religion, which in his Fast Life he had somewhat neglected, and now he goes Bravely By the comet and in at his Sabbath School door.

Moral: The Smoke in the Air of a big city destroys people's Eyesight.

The Fable of the Editor Man with the Head

In Boston a Boy was born. (This is often the Case in Boston.) When he had on his First Long Pants, and could talk rapidly for Several Hours without sounding the Eighteenth Letter, he came to Armour to manage affairs. He did It. He also did some others and got up against The Fulcrum.

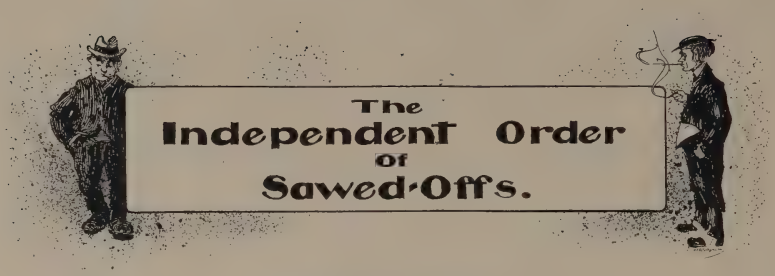
The Fulcrum had, until his Arrival, been Mismanaged. So he began to Fix Things. But he was up against the Real Thing when he hit the Monthly Organ. The Sophomores, including Hi Pressure Miller, tried to Sit on his Head. (The Head that had stood Unturned before the Exaltation and Applause of an Audience at a Glee Club Concert in the Beanless West.) It was too Big.

(This is a Fact. Larkin has the only Head that can wear the Same Hat for a Minute.)

So the Bostonian managed Affairs at the Proud House of Armour.

Moral: There is no accounting for Genius—not even among Sophomores.


FAMLIAR SIGHTS ON OUR "CAMPUS"
GARBAGE



L. Cohen, Head Master
M. Sklovsky, Tail Piece

Faculty Members

A. M. Feldman, Parvus — V. C. Alderson, Minor
C. E. Freeman, Minimus

Regular Members

Sklovsky, Tutor et Ultor — Cohen, Frater Academicum Sororum
Larkin, Blustibus Buffoonus — Stevens, Puer Innocens

Tutor et Ultor: It shall be his duty to run the order, to be a Senior, to preserve a dignified demeanor, to appoint the Faculty representatives.

Frater Academicum Sororum: It shall be his duty to establish friendly relations with the Co-ed. (the line is drawn on hugging in the library) Junior.

Blustibus Buffoonus: It shall be his duty to swindle everybody in sight, to roast the Faculty and to rail at the Freshman brother. He must be also a Soph.

Puer Innocens: It shall be his duty, besides being a Freshman, to be kicked and swindled, and his duty also is to be railed at and sat upon.

By-Law 1. Anyone who grows is to be expelled within thirty days after the crime is discovered.

By-Law 2. Any member who grows more than 237-1475 of a mm. will be fined eight cents.

The Faculty members are appointed for protection. They have forbidding aspects and are much avoided, as they have rough-house tendencies. The members may be seen, in time of danger, hiding in their pockets or up their sleeves. The principle is the same as that of the kangaroo hiding its young.



The Society for the Prevention of Ignorance

E. W. Lilienfeld, President (vice D. B. Green, resigned)

Martin and Von Hermann, Vice-Presidents

J. B. Swift, Secretary D. B. Green, Treasurer (decamped)

This society is formed in the interests of human research among the students, which is to some extent desirable. The officers are all appointed by the Faculty strictly with regard to merit. 'Long some time last year much time was given to the development of one Green, who was thought to possess most of the essentials of a president, and the prominent men gave a lecture for the club's benefit.

The sudden prosperity was too much for Green (the proceeds of the blow-out being considerable) and he resigned his presidency and went to a far country, where we suppose he is still treasurer.

This was a great blow to learning, but the new president has been installed and matters will soon be running in good shape.

A word about filling the arduous position of secretary. J. B. Swift has now been secretary of seventeen organizations since his connection with A. I. T., during which time he has never read the minutes of any meeting whatsoever. We recommend him as a quiet, reticent youth who toils not, neither does he spin.

The organization is one of the most worthy subjects extant, and will bear consideration from scholars all over the world. We understand there are no dues.

Tiddledywinks Club

Harvey, '00, President and Keeper of the Great Basket
Arnold, '01, Clinker-in-Chief

Meetings: In the Library as often as the engineer can be bribed to light up

History

This club is among our foremost organizations. It has never lost a member. In fact, it couldn't lose but one, and now Krehbiel is expected to join as quick as pa sends him money enough, so the club is in danger of waxing fat. If Krehbiel can be got in, the members hope to add Jackstraws to their repertory and elect another officer.

The members at present are:

M. H. Arnold, '01
Arnold the Red, from Milwaukee
Mark High Arnold, author of "Under the August Moon," "The Kickers," etc.
D. Harvey, '00
Harvey, tennis manager
Dean Harvey, the man who conducts Prof. Feldman's inspection visits

The Asylum for Joynsons

Down by the woodshed, among the chips, lies an old white stone, above which dips an old white flag, and on it's writ, in letters dull, "Omnia Vincit." The heroes since have marched away to battle grim, and from that day the ducks are lying quiet and still, waiting in patient hope, until their erstwhile lovers come again, seeking their quondam haunts, and then the ducks will give an eager quack, "Hello, old boys, we're glad you're back." The ducks will fly in haste to greet the coming heroes' great big feet. Then comes the joy. The stone is set in place and all is ready, yet they cannot manage now to see the roof which sheltered them, ah me! The tears they shed, my tale should end. The heroes are back, you comprehend.

Stray Puffs from a Graduate's Pipe

SOMETIME when you happen to be meandering around a technical school just ask one of the Freshmen—no need to describe the species, you'll know what they are even if you have never seen one before—what he expects to do when he graduates. If he is a healthy, normal specimen he will, in all probability, inform you that his present troubles are sufficient to keep him busy without worrying about the hereafter. Four years are eternity to a Freshman. It is only necessary to repeat the question, perhaps in a little different way, and he will confidentially assure you that he expects to start in on engineering work. "Wages?" Well, he might work for a *salary* of $1,500 a year for a short time, until he has gained a little practical knowledge. When assailing a Soph. it is comforting to remember that he is not as bad as he thinks he is. In answer to "Say, old man," he slows down from seventy miles per hour, clear track, and 210 lbs. of steam and becomes amiable. But in reply to the same question that was put to the Freshman he will gravely inform you that he has important business on hand; in fact, he is a member of an arbitration committee to decide when and where Freshmen shall be allowed to smoke pipes.

Probably the easiest way to distinguish a Junior is by the number and size of the books which accompany his various wanderings. There are sundry other marks of classification which are apparent to the initiated, but the foregoing is sufficiently accurate. The Junior will invariably tell you that he has several positions in view; he has corresponded with the Terrestrial Magnetism Co. and several other large concerns. He will decide before he enters his senior year and will choose thesis work accordingly. Wise Junior!

Approach the Senior reverently; observe the respectful manner of the Professors when they meet him and do thou likewise. Is he not the Whole Thing? Does he not own the institution? Verily, his ponderous tread doth convey awe to all whom he passeth, and the Freshman payeth trembling homage unto his greatness. Also the Sophomore and the Junior.

But like all other things of earthly origin, even a Senior has a vulnerable point. Offer him seven dollars per week for his valuable services when he graduates and speak in a general way about "prospects." Ten to one he

accepts the proposition with all the unseemly haste of an elderly young lady receiving an offer of marriage. (The writer is a very fierce lady-killer. He has proposed to about twenty, more or less, consequently he speaks as an authority.) Not many ages have elapsed since a lovely bunch of happy and careless would-be engineers grasped their degrees and plunged into the conventional "cold world." The world did not seem to be particularly disturbed by the event, and its waters were not evaporated to any great extent. The ripples soon died away—they scarcely formed—but a merciful Providence provided six and seven-dollar life preservers for such of the aforesaid young engineers as had failed to secure a "pull" and incidentally a better position.

Most of them, however, have learned much that is not taught in schools during their brief "practical experience." But even those whose experience has been the most severely practical, the men who have worked as line-men, ice machine oilers, locomotive firemen, machinists' helpers, etc., are not at all envious of their fellow graduates who, in the language of a certain Prof., have not been obliged to discount their expectations as greatly.

The college man who accepts a menial position is usually consoled by a delightful inward sense of heroic condescension—but if he has enough plain "horse-sense" to supply him betwixt dusk and dawn he never attempts to show his imaginary superiority by word or action. The idea, which appears quite prevalent, that a strong prejudice exists against college men among the laboring classes is probably due to the tendency of some college graduates to "put on airs."

American mechanics and the higher class of laborers are independent and free in expressing their opinions or any subject from expansion to the joys (?) of a pay-day jag. The man who conveys the idea that he belongs to a superior order usually discovers that the aforesaid expression of opinion is not necessarily entirely vocal—ere long little Willie yearns for the soothing cigarette and cultured atmosphere of the Frat. house. On the other hand, if a man shows that he wants to learn the practical side of his work, and is not ashamed of his ignorance, he will receive plenty of assistance and not infrequently he is in a position where he can explain things to his teachers. The situation is clearly set forth by the remark made to a college man by a foreman: "Now, if there is anything that you don't know that I can help you on, don't be afraid to ask me, and if I ask you any questions I shall expect you to help me." The process of assimilation is generally rapid, and frequently the only means for a superficial observer to detect the college man is by the amount of profanity he uses. He either swears much more or much less than the others. The art of picturesque and lurid profanity is not necessarily confined to pirates and

farm hands. A college man with true artistic appreciation of the good, the true and the beautiful finds that his intellectual training is of great assistance in acquiring an effective vocabulary of profanity.

There are, however, other pleasures fully as important as learning new "cuss words." The new surroundings and the class of men with whom he associates furnish entertainment which prevents time from passing too slowly. When these have begun to lose their charm for the fastidious college man something else excites his interest, he gets a different "job" or it is barely possible that he is promoted. At any rate, he gets along very comfortably and scarcely has time to think of the by-gone pleasures of college days. On the other hand he frequently murmurs a prayer of gratitude that he is delivered from Calculus, Thermo Dynamics and other fiends of the past who habitually banished sleep until the small hours of the morning. It is not to be inferred that he now retires regularly at 9.00 p. m., but if he does not he has only himself to blame, or, maybe the girl's clock stopped. But the old pipe is beginning to draw hard and, with difficulty, transforms personal experiences and idle fancies into a hazy smoke of generalization. And while the ashes are being removed and fall slowly to the floor some graduate of the future is saying, "Poor chump, he tries to jolly himself along because he didn't get a good position." In a lower tone he continues, "But there is no reason for a *good* man accepting such a position; I shall wait until I get what I want."

Possibly; but how long will he wait?





Views from Porter's Kinetoscope



Alderson and Freeman in gym.





HOW FOND DU LAC AND THE NORTHWEST FOUND OUT ABOUT ME *By* Robert Thompson Fry

Set $20.00 for twenty-one volumes. Sample copy furnished on application. Agents wanted. Robert T. Fry, publisher.

CHAPTER I

IT was in my twentieth year, alias 1898, that I burst upon the Northwestern horizon in the full vigor of my marvelous ability. When I left Chicago I was considered the handsomest man in the West. I made no denial of this to the Fond du Lac papers for 'twould be useless to attempt to escape discovery. It is my intention now to try and give you some idea of my Apollo-like form.

HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS, OR THE MYSTERY OF GENIUS *By* Ernest Cantelo White

Macmillans ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ Cloth $1.50.

CHAPTER I

HAVING been graduated from a magnificent technical school with more or less honor, I looked about me. This I consider a wise step. It occurred to my active mind, ever seeking chances, ever watchful, ever alert, that my faculties were above the run of common man. There must be on this earth the man who could appreciate them. Him would I find. My search was not long. Let me tell the way of it.

PHILOLOGICAL RESEARCHES INTO THE CAUSES OF THE PREPONDERANCE OF WHITE AND SHAKESPEARE IN CONTEMPORARY ENGLISH LITERATURE. *By* Cantelo White

Macmillans ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ Cloth $1.50.

CHAPTER I

IN an incidental perusal of a treatise on the philology of our language, the one fact is evident above all others that literature is dominated by two forces. A compendium of all the opinions of savants would be a trifle more discursive in the scientific lines, but without great invasion into the Spiritual Realm of the Infinite.

IN THE TRACK OF A CYCLONE *By* H. P. Miller

Being excerpts from his Memoirs of Calamity County, Kansas
Scribners ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ Leather $2.25.

CHAPTER I

WHEN I was very young, quite young, about six months, I began to kick for my meals. This is a pretty habit and is quite effective. (It works even at the Comet.) About this time a cyclone came along and blew me inside out. I was easily reversed, but remained full of wind. This I am getting rid of to some extent every day, but there is lots of it left.

HOW TO TRAIN A BASKET-BALL TEAM

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY OF THE FOX
By W. Raymond Ruegnitz

Being an Account of the Quest of the Golden Girl.

CHAPTER I

I SAW her looking out of her window. She was as radiant as the morn. Her locks flowed in golden profusion about her shapely shoulders. I felt that I could love her. But her name was Jane Hobbs. My hope for the future kept me alive.

HIGH SOCIETY: INSIDE VIEW *By* Sklovsky & Cohen

F. Tennyson Neely ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ Paper 15 cents.

CHAPTER I

DURING mechanics, it occurred to one of us to write a story of real swell society doings. This was caused by the glimpse of one of the kindergarten girls smoking a cigarette. (The authors continue to some length, but it is discovered that their idea of high society meant everything on the fourth floor or over, so we can find room for no more.)

FOR THE SWEET SAKE OF ONE LIGHT LOCK OF SORREL HAIR *By* Herbert S. Rosenthal

A ROMANCE ∴ Herbert S. Stone, Chicago ∴ Price $1.00.

CHAPTER I

FOR the sweet sake—but no, my heart fails at the very outset. What is it Carlyle says: "Count no man happy till he pays his gas bill"? Ah, I have it. What though a green mist surmounted of gold haunts my living hours? I dream. I feast over careless words let fall. "Mein herz schlaegt um deinetwegen!" Idiomatic use, but how true, alas!

THE IDLE OF THE LIBRARY

By Ernestine Millicent Hartman

A bi-weekly story-paper, with half-tone illustrated supplement of the editor ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ Free

THE haughty 'Cademite, with lordly stride, burst sudden entrance to meh heart. Girls, oh girls, he was as lovely as a—peach fritter. Hair black, eyes like stars under velvety fringe. I felt meh destiny. But I quailed not. I took a seat across the table. My first move was to borrow a knife. (To follow the course of this romance is to fill the book. So no more now.)




BANQUETS
Raley



ΦΚΣ DINNER

Annual Banquet given by the Alpha Epsilon Chapter of Phi Kappa Sigma to the Graduating Members : Leland Hotel : June 13 '99

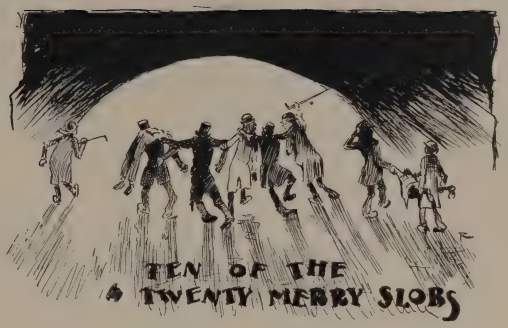
Menu

This having been past and gone so long, mention is omitted

Toasts

W. J. Gordon, Toastmaster

Our Alma Mater	W. D. Matthews
Co-eds	R. M. Henderson
Glee Club	E. C. White
Integral	S. E. Bippus
Frat Life at Cornell	G. A. Feindt
Frat Life in the Army	W. F. Sims
Army Engineering	G. H. Patten
Phi Kaps of Milwaukee	H. A. MacClyment
Au revoir	E. V. Starkweather
Farewell	T. W. Stevens



IT was incumbent upon the class of '00 to give to the class of '99 a banquet. They rose not to the occasion, thus destroying this praiseworthy custom. So some choice members of the class of '01 conceived the idea of banqueting the Seniors. The finances did not permit of a total gift, so a man-for-himself affair was suggested. This fell through. The twenty merry slobs, alone, were left. They stayed to the end. Ten only returned.

The Song of the Skirt

[This poor effort may probably be attributed to some studious Academite.—*Ed. note.*]

Have you ever heard the song of the skirt?
'Tis different far from that of the shirt.
In the library room, when all is at rest,
And every last one is trying his best
To read some book or study some face,
There is heard this noise at a terrible pace:

Swish, swash, swash,
The silk is stiff and never was washed.
Ting, Ting, Tong,
It sounds as if she'd a cow-bell along
Instead of three bracelets and one little chain.

Ever listen to what the exhaust has to say?
Well, the song of the skirt is the self-same way.



The WOOING *of* Penelope Englewood

An *Incident* in *Two* Acts



A SHADOW PANTOMIME

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Englewood—	A man of business
Mrs. Englewood—	A woman, his wife
Penelope—	A girl in a thousand
Bobbie—	A typical small boy
Plato Riley—	A Junior

PROLOGUE

LIST to the tale I'm about to tell,
Of a lovely maid and a howling swell;
And the cruel adventures which them befell.
I trust you will say I have told it well.

The maid was a beauty of great renown
In an upper-ten part of an upper-ten town;
Her face was a dream, and so was her gown;—
You may see for yourself and note them down.

(*The lovely maid appears in the shadow and exhibits her many charms.*)

The name of the maid I'll reveal forthwith.
'T is a name suggestive of strength and pith;
I'm sure you will say it is not a myth:
Penelope Englewood, middle name Smith.

(*The lovely maid vanishes.*)

The howling swell was a college man,
Built on a rare and expensive plan;
The girls, as he passed, to the windows ran,
And sighed as only the dear girls can.
Now he looked this way when the trouble began.

(*The eyes of the spectators are allowed to feast on the howling swell.*)

The name of this swell, I forgot to state,
Was Plato Riley, surnamed the Great.
As the custom ran to abbreviate,
He was known in college as simply Plate;
For such is the queer caprice of fate.

(*The howling swell disappears, and the father is shown in his manly strength.*)

This is the father whom next I show,
The head of Englewood & Co.
And you will find wherever you go,
That his check is good for a million or so;
A pretty soft snap for Penelope's beau;
That is, if he happened to suit, you know.

(*The father retires and the mother makes her courtesy to the admiring public.*)

There is the mother, a woman rare;
Of the burdens of life she assumed her share;
Of the Englewood house she had special care;
But had always a moment or two to spare
In a neighborly way, if wanted there.
And while I admit it is hardly fair
To lay these family secrets bare,
I am forced to say that Englewood *pere*
Was often a little the worse for wear,
After a tiff, in the way of hair.
And as for Penelope's beaux, I swear
I have frequently heard the boys declare
Not one of the crowd would ever dare
To enter the room and sit in a chair,
Under her spectacles' awful glare,

Which ill concealed her stony stare,
And added much to her austere air;
While poor Penelope wondered where
They could go to escape from Englewood *mere.*

(*The mother majestically fades away and Bobbie comes upon the scene.*)

This is the brother, a little boy,
Whose presence at times was wont to cloy;
For he always felt the keenest joy
In juvenile purposes to annoy.
And when Penelope was most coy,
His fiendish arts he would employ,
And her and her beau's chagrin enjoy.

(*Bobbie is withdrawn.*)

This is our prologue, then, in this
You see our *personæ dramatis.*
If anything you may take amiss,
Please have the politeness not to hiss.
I know I shall show the dire abyss,
Into which poor Plato was hurled from bliss,
From venturing near a precipice;—
The awful end of an ill-timed kiss.



ACT ONE

THE KISS

SCENE, *the family seated in the drawing-room. Pa is reading the evening paper. Mother is remonstrating with Bobbie, who is performing in the manner peculiar to his youth. Penelope is reading a book. Plato is ushered in.*

In the family circle Penelope sat;
Her heart went rapidly pittity-pat;
And a very good cause there was for that,
For Plato had entered the room, whereat
The old man thoughtfully reached for his hat,
And on persuasion the small boy gat
Up stairs with his Ma for a family spat,
And such diversion as comes with a slat.

(*The family retire, as indicated, leaving Penelope alone with Plato.*)

Young Plato was tickled to death to find
Penelope's folks so uncommonly kind;
And he said to himself: "It's a regular grind
On the rest of the fellows;—but why should I mind?
For some time past I have opined,
That to me Penelope's half inclined,
While the family seem to be resigned,
As all can see, if they are not blind."
And he smoothed himself before and behind,
With the air of a man who has dined and wined.

(*Plato greets Penelope, and expresses his satisfaction.*)

These thoughts went through Penelope's head,
And all to herself she communed and said:
"If ever I am induced to wed,
Or into a summer engagement led,
'Twill be when Plato allays my dread,
And gives me comfort and hope instead,
With his college wisdom and air high-bred."
Then a maidenly blush o'er her features spread,
And a lustrous smile round the room she shed,
Which, in college parlance, got Plato "dead."

(*Penelope modestly acknowledges Plato's greeting with an entrancing smile.*)

When Plato had taken a proffered seat,
And fully composed his hands and feet,
He remarked that Penelope looked quite sweet;
Which, by way of a starter, was certainly neat.

(*Plato compliments Penelope.*)

Thereat Penelope fain did blush;
For a minute or two fell an awkward hush;
Which assured the youth at the very first flush,
He had made what in college is called a "crush."

(*Penelope blushingly acknowledges the compliment.*)

Then close to the maiden he drew his chair,
So close, in fact, that I must declare
There was precious small room, if any, to spare;
And this, I am told by the girls, is where
They came to regard him so *debonnaire.*

(*Plato draws a chair close to Penelope.*)

They talked for a while as young folk should;
And Plato, as only Plato could,
Explained what in college is understood
By the True, the Beautiful and the Good.

(*Plato discourses on the T. B. and G.*)

He talked so wisely, this college man,
That she, as only a sweet girl can,
Peeped shyly at him behind her fan,
And wondered was ever on such a plan
Another man made since the world began.

(*Penelope coyly admires Plato.*)

Then, quite unconscious, you understand,
He caught in his own the fair girl's hand;
For he had plenty at his command,
Of what in college is known as "sand."

(*Plato ensnares the hand of Penelope.*)

Of course she blushed, and at first essayed
To withdraw her hand, like a modest maid;
Not that she was in the least afraid,
Or wished for a moment to upbraid;
But because she wanted the rules obeyed,
Never in college to skip a grade.

(*Penelope modestly endeavors to disengage her hand.*)

But Plato was too intent to see
A fact so apparent to you and me;
With eloquent gesture and fancy free,
He warmed to his ardent task, while she,
With looks as loving as looks can be,

By way of encouragement, said, "tee-hee!"
Not much of a speech you will agree,
But a sign of assent from a bargainee.

(*Plato makes many demonstrations of affection, while Penelope modestly giggles.*)

And so it happened with proper haste,
Young Plato's arm stole round her waist;
A stroke in tennis they call well placed,
And on rational expectation based.

(*Plato embraces Penelope.*)

Penelope smiled, and a sweet surprise
Stole into her blue confiding eyes;
And she said to herself: "If this youth applies
His mind to his books and what in them lies
In this vigorous way, no wonder he's wise."
Then she heaved a few contented sighs,
And leaned on his bosom and asked no whys.

(*Penelope rests her head on Plato's shoulder.*)

Thus Plato sailed on a sea of bliss,
And he said to his heart, "What's the matter with this?"
Which is college for saying there's naught amiss.
But here's where they stood near a deep abyss;
For he went too far, and purloined a kiss.

(*Plato kisses Penelope with a resounding smack.*)



ACT TWO

THE EXPLOSION

SCENE I.

Now it chanced that the boy, who, I have said,
Had been sent to the chamber overhead,
And carefully tucked in his nice warm bed,
Was into a scheme of villainy led
By depraved Old Nick, whom we all should dread.

(*Bobbie is revealed in his nice bed.*)

And plotting revenge on his sister's beau,
As the reason why he had been treated so,
Before the time when he ought to go,
He made up his mind that he'd quietly show
The danger of making a boy your foe.

(*Bobbie plans a fearful revenge for his banishment.*)

So out of his nice warm bed he crept,
And over the floor he softly stepped;
One eye on his mother's room he kept,
For he knew, this rascally young adept,
That if she surmised that he had not slept,
His plans she would certainly intercept.

(*Bobbie departs on his mission of vengeance.*)

And he recalled with ghoulish glee,
And side remarks of malignitee,
That among his treasures there ought to be

A suitable joke on his ene*mee*,
Prepared by the heathenish Chinee,
For just such times of emergen*cee*.

(*Bobbie provides himself with a fire-cracker.*)

SCENE 2.

Still stepping softly, he stole down stairs;
And he laughed when he saw the close-drawn chairs,
And the critical state of love's affairs.
He thought of his Ma and the shoe she wears,
But he said like a boy of spunk: "Who cares!"

(*Bobbie approaches the enemy.*)

SCENE 3.

Now Plato was busy, as you have learned;
The fire of love in his bosom burned;
And still for another kiss he yearned
From the lovely mouth to his own upturned.
And this is why he had not discerned
That the boy from his bed-room had adjourned.

(*Plato, intent on other business, is unconscious of the advance of the enemy.*)

Penelope, too, was quite intent
To know exactly what Plato meant;
Although the evening was well-nigh spent,
And she knew it was time the young man went,
To the matter in hand her mind she bent,
And such assiduous heed she lent,
And gave such gratified assent
To each osculatory incident,
That she did not think it pertinent
To provide against a dire event.

(*Penelope is likewise distracted by more pressing affairs.*)

So into the room the demon came;—
Bobbie, in fact, was his other name;—
And gleefully he surveyed his game,
And prepared to annihilate the same.
I say it with proper sense of shame.

(*The enemy enters.*)

Plato, you see, had reached that state
Which grows in warmth as the hour grows late;
And all unconscious of their fate,
And the fierce revenge which the boy would sate,
The lovers sat. Said he: "It's great!"
"I'm glad you like it," said she to Plate.
But she said to herself: "At the present rate,
I shall not have a very long time to wait,
For in college slang he has 'struck his gait;'
Though I'm bound to explain that slang I hate."

(*The lovers commune more closely.*)

Crawling slowly to Plato's chair,
Bobbie grinned at the luckless pair.
You have not a moment, young man, to spare,
Fly for your life! go anywhere!
Vain my entreaty and vain my prayer;
Who thinks of danger in love's affair?

(*The enemy cautiously advances.*)

Under the chair he placed a pail,
And in it his weapon;—pray heaven he fail!
Though such result would have spoiled my tale,
And also a very good rhyme in "ail."
'Tis Nick against Cupid;—now which will quail?

(*The enemy gets his batteries in position.*)

I pray you all who have heard this lay,
Fearfully turn your heads away ;
For I've come to the point where I must say,
That those, for whom firing spoils a play,
And who wish to leave the audience, may ;
For each small boy must have his day,
Or rather his night ;—so go or stay.

(*The enemy intimates his plan of operations, and suspends hostilities till non-combatants can retire.*)

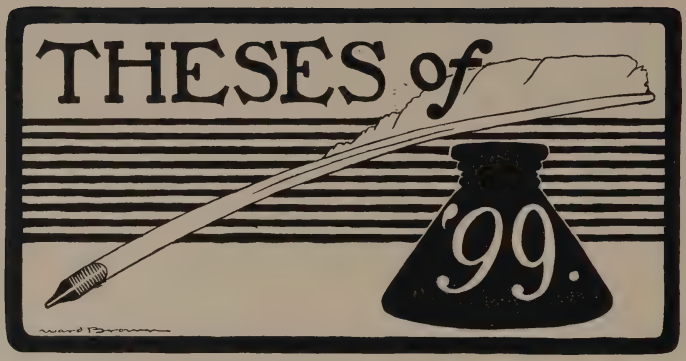
The bird in the lovers' hearts still sang,
But was soon to feel the serpent's fang ;
For a loud report through the chamber rang,
And the weapon went off with a dreadful bang.
High in the air young Plato sprang !

(*The enemy having placed the fire-cracker in the pail, applies the match and the explosion follows.*)

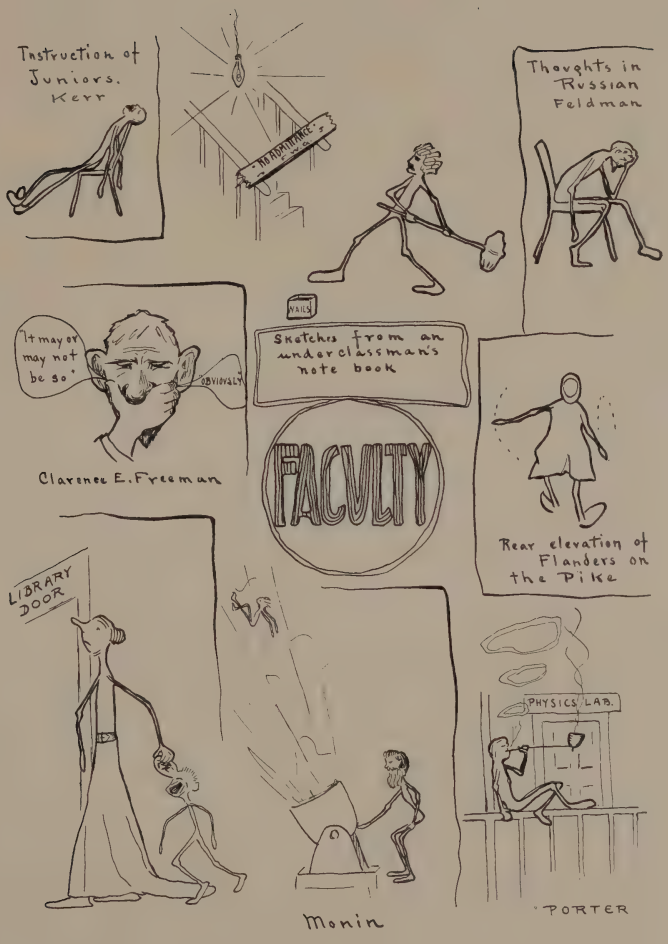
While we have seen young Plato soar,
And the wicked Bobbie sneak through the door,
Penelope lay upon the floor,
Pale and presumably drenched in gore.
We see the curtain drop, before
Old Englewood, with a muffled roar
Strode in, and smote young Plato sore.
Dropped he, like pine on barren shore.
Together they lie—in clotted gore.

E. D. F.

THE END



Beattys Elliott	Test of a two-phase lighting plant
Burr Corey Warren Hanai	Comparative test of two transformers
Huey Ransom	Design and test of a two K. W. transformer
Matthews	Study of the strength of dielectrics
Morse Olson Porter	Test of two and three-phase rotary converter
Fiddyment Rimanoczy Schroeder	Design and construction of a 25 K. W., 100,000-volt transformer
Goodhue Pavey White	Efficiency test of the Schlict combustion process applied to a locomotive
Terry Lewis Tarbell	1 Test of Rider hot air engine 2 Design of bicycle factory


Instruction of Juniors.
Kerr
WARNING
Thoughts in Russian
Feldman
NAILS
Sketches from an underclassman's note book
It may or may not be so.
OBVIOUSLY
Clarence E. Freeman
FACULTY
Rear elevation of Flanders on the Pike
LIBRARY DOOR
PHYSICS LAB.
Monin
PORTER

The Tempering

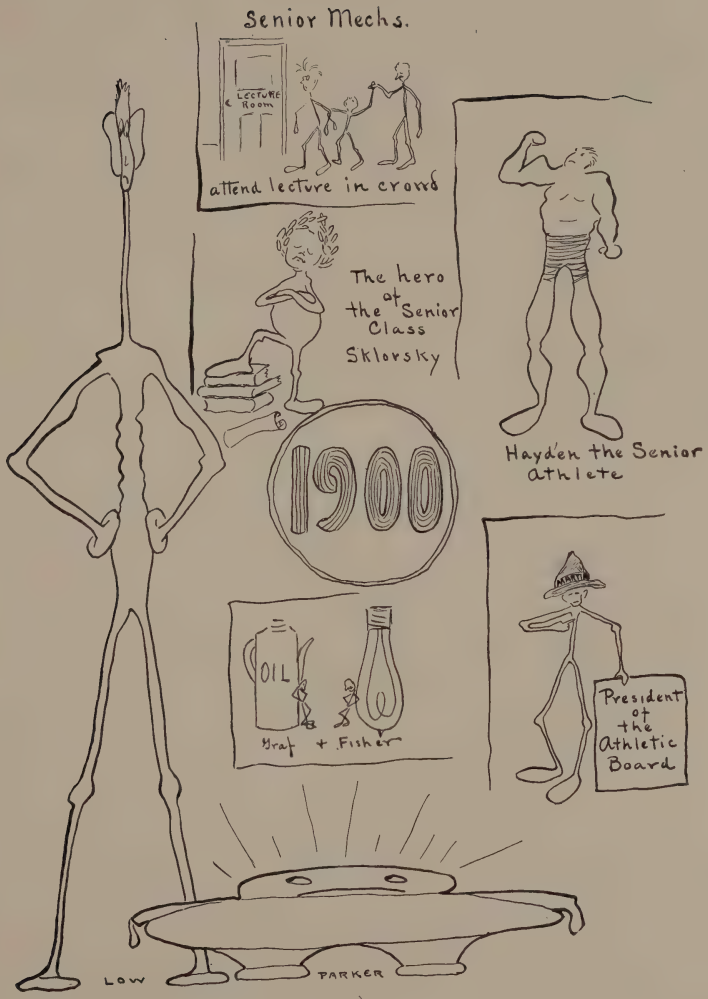
Finished my house, in seeming and in shape
Gleaming and straight, the hammer's travail past;
But false, false to the trusting hand's intent
Too quick of edge, but edged too soft to last.

Slow slid the heat from within, and the tints
Mirrored the loss, until the mottled shade
Sign of my hour—then the chill fixing plunge,
Then was I born, the Spirit of the Blade.

—Thomas Wood Stevens.



Suggested Pose
for the
Cooking Department


Senior Mechs.
Lecture Room
attend lecture in crowd
The hero of the Senior Class
Sklorsky
Hayden the Senior athlete
1900
OIL
Graf + Fisher
MARTIN
President of the Athletic Board
LOW
PARKER



The Governor's Violin

By courtesy of Col. Vischer

'Mid the silken, perfumed elegance
Within a stately house,
I've heard its rich tones ringing
Through the wilderings of Strauss,
And I've heard the sigh of gentle ones,
Who listened while it bore
To charmed hearts the sweetness
Of the touching Trovatore.

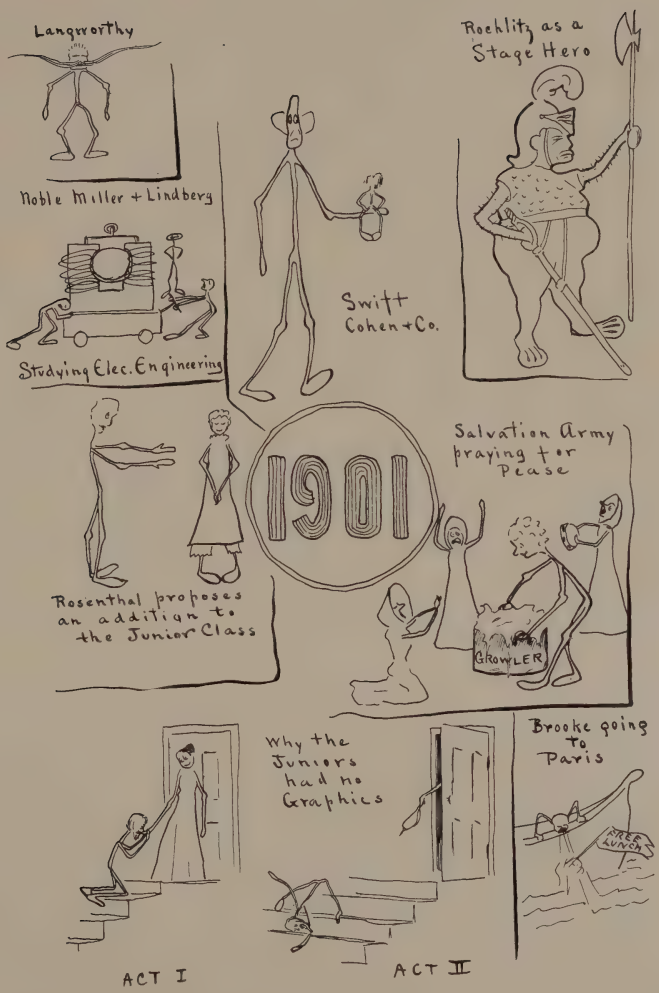
I've heard it in the evening,
Within a quiet home,
Sing "Sewanee River" till the bees
Came "humming 'round the comb";
'Mid the phases of the wassail
And the joys of festal cheer
I've heard it change from grave to gay,
From lively to severe.

In tender tones of pleading,
In sighs of spent delight,
In greetings to the morning,
And in good-byes to the night;
In storms upon the ocean,
And in the songs of birds,
I've heard its voice, like living thing,
In sweetest human words.

I've heard it give, stentorian,
Command in battle's blare,
And heard it whisper, soft and low,
Like angels in the air.
'Mong brawny men in mining camps,
I've seen it hush a brawl,
Till clenched hands are open palms,
That in each other fall.

I've seen it gather little ones
About the player's knee,
As did the babes of olden time
'Round Him of Galilee.
And to it oft I've listened
Till all the world was kin,
While, lovingly, its master played—
The Governor's Violin.

WILLIAM LIGHTFOOT VISCHER.


Langworthy
Noble Miller + Lindberg
Studying Elec. Engineering
Swift Cohen + Co.
Rochlitz as a Stage Hero
1901
Rosenthal proposes an addition to the Junior Class
Salvation Army praying for Pease
GROWLER
ACT I
Why the Juniors had no Graphics
ACT II
Brooke going to Paris
BREAD LUNCH



Mr. Dooley on Basket Ball



"Till ye what, Hinnissy," Mr. Dooley was saying, "fur a bit iv quiet fun an' moild excitement ye want to see a game iv baskit ball."

"What's thot?" said Mr. Hennessy, "Is ut a new bran' iv baskit party?"

"Naw, ye ignerant furriner, 'tis a game. When ye feel like ye'd wish to see somethin' wild, an' a dog fight is too tame an' a horse race not suffishently unsartain, take yer family an' see baskit ball."

"Av it's onythin' like baskit parties," interrupted Hennessy, "I don't care fur thim, they're too much like a fixt raffle. Wanst I ——"

"Gwan," said Mr. Dooley, "ye're clear off ye're switch. This, I tell ye, is a game. Th' foinest game on the flure (they play ut on a flure, in a jimnazhum.) An' I tell ye, Hinnissy, 'tis hot. Better than foive good scraps goin' on to onct in th' same ring. There's foive on a side, ye see, an each iv them gits his man an' pastes him. An' if wan gits another's man, an gits caught, 'tis a foul, an' they all stop till 'tis settled or apoligized for. Thin they have some funny bizniss about throwin' a big ball in a little baskit. But that's merely incidintal.

"'Tis a great thing, Hinnissy. Th' bhoys all comes out in thick panties an' sthriped shirts. An' th' girls come onyway, so they git ther'. They walk frum Rahway if they can't ketch a feller wid car fare.

"The game itsilf is somewhat queer. I can niver get onto th' countin' iv ut. Iv coorse, the wan that lan's the most on the ribs without bein' caught is the best man. But trippin' counts too—I fergit how much. I think, though, that three clean falls puts yer man out iv the game. There's wan little man I saw put out two that way. But 'twas all he was good fer. His licks otherwise lacked weight.

"There was wan interlood in a game that was about as pritty as anythin' I iver seen Corbett do whin he was in his prime. Two bhoys, wan av thim stout with big hips an' a beautiful fightin' grin, an' wan lank with big shoulders an' a sleepy look, pastin' each other, proper an' accordin' to the rules. Thin th' ball come along, an' they both started fur it. Th' tall wan tried to thrip,

but 'twas too late, so he set an elbow in the other feller's neck. Th' other wan ducked an' caught th' long man on his hips. The long man would av gone clean over, but he twisted his right round the short bhoy's neck an' gin 'im a short arm with th' left in th' ear. Thin they clinched. On the break-away they both landed heavy an' fell to trippin' each other. While they was doin' that somewan threw th' ball in th' little dinky basket on the wall, an' they stopped the game fur ter git it out. That is wan iv the rules. But they didn't count nothin' fur the baskit, because the long man missed his first try a trippin'. Aw, 'tis a great game. The' was a gyurl set befure me an' she went near crazy. Cuddent set quite fur foive siconds. She seemed to be watchin' th' laad wi' th' hips, an' wanst, whin the big feller poked 'im, she screemed like it was her 'twas hit. Sh' 'ad wan 'er these lityal linnen hankches an' wound it inter a rope in two minyits. An' whin they stopped wanst she says out loud, 'Oh they'll put 'im out,' she says, an' I says 'what fer, I dinnow,' an' she kinder turned aroun' and looked grateful, same like whin' ye set Jaun up th' drinks. She was a foine gyurl, with light rollin' hair and complexshin.' An' whin they let th' laad go sit in the cornder, she wept distressin'; aw, ye niver seen nawthin' like ut."

"But," said Mr. Hennessy, "who won th' game?"

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "they didn't say, but fer all the bhoy had ter quit at th' ind, he'd put four good min to th' flure before. They gin th' game to him."

Editorial

SOMEWHAT contrary to the general rules laid down for a College Annual is an editorial page. In spite of, or it may be on account of this fact, it seems as well to insert a few explanations in that way. After study of the greatest obtainable number of Annuals, and the receipt of opinions from a number of readers thereof, we reached the decision that a large amount of the matter in the usual Annual could be omitted, and with advantage. About one half of the matter generally run is of no interest whatsoever, and so far from demanding a second reading, it does not deserve even a first. At the risk of censure, which however, is a matter of course, we determined to leave this matter unprinted. The majority of it will be found either in the Year Book of the Institute, or in the previous Annuals. Our endeavor has been to find material that will not lose all its flavor with the present year, and we offer this book as the result of our collection of prunings.

The dedication of this book was made to the only ones of our Armour family who had left us. Since that was determined, Death has again entered, taking with him first our trustee Philip Danforth Armour, Jr., and later, William Warren, of the class of '99. We speak for the institution in our regret at the loss of these, our friends, and in expressing to their families our most earnest and heartfelt sympathy.

Our acknowledgment this year applies only to artists, with one or two exceptions. The literary matter submitted showed little or no merit, with the result that there are but two such articles in the book. This may or may not be desirable, but a greater amount of interest in matters literary might be counseled. Especial attention is devoted this year to our Academy, and we recommend this custom to our successors in this particular line of notoriety.

The Other "Saints and Sinners' Corner"

Beyond the Dread River and Hard by the Lake
That burneth with Brimstone & Fire,
There standeth an Edifice built for the sake
Of Mortals of bookish desire.

'Tis not in high Heaven, this Book-hunter's haunt
Nor lies it in Satan's Domains,
But midway between them—a moderate juant
By slow Purgatorial Trains.

Here "Sinners" & "Saints" too, are wont to repair,
When stints for the morning are o'er,
Their bibliognostical notes to compare
And over their Treasures to pore.

Queer Bibliomaniac spirits are some;
Some miserly Bibliotaphs;
Some Bibliopoles with a golden Thumb;
Some near-sighted Bibliographs.

And here through the long Labyrinthian aisles,
That open on book-scented bowers,
There wander, abstracted, these Bibliophiles
As bees 'mid Hymettus's flowers.

* * * * * * * * * *

The "Saints" of these Bookmen one Sunday in Lent
Their souls to Church did betake
To get them forgiveness for hours they had spent
With "Sinners"—down by the Lake.

The "Sinners," the meanwhile, with many a sigh
Sad penance were practicing, too;—
Each telling, for beads, the Books he would buy
Had he only shilling or sou.

When, suddenly, startling both "Sinner & Saint,"
'Twixt Wail and Chant of the Choir,
There came a terrestrial cry far and faint
Of "Fire, Fire, McClurg's is on fire."

* * * * * * * * * *

Then, straightway there entered, with fluttering leaves,
The Souls of incinerate Books,
That long had reposed 'neath McClurgian eaves,
In sacred Millardian nooks.

As Birds of the Forest they found their way Home,
(Where Bookworms destroy not, nor Rust),
Each volume the Phoenix of some precious Tome
Consumed into ashes and dust.

Among them were Elzevirs, queens of their kind,
Of delicate beauty and grace,
And Aldines and Pick'rings, and, trailing behind,
The Kelmscotts, of fair Saxon face.

Rich Zehnsdorf apparel some Souls did enfold;
And some were in Sanderson dress.
Of th' Orient redolent, 'broidered in gold,
And fresh from the Binder's Caress.

For none were admitted to lie on the shelves,
O'erguarded by Gutenberg's care,
Except the Elect, the Immortals themselves,—
None save "First Editions" and "rare."

* * * * * * * * * *

The "Saints" quick forgot their confessions in mirth;
The "Sinners" their Rosaries spurned;
Such joy was in Limbo as when upon Earth
Millard from his journey returned.

They feasted their eyes on their Treasures new found,
Not knowing which ones they loved most;
They sang "bookish songs of hilarious sound,
And Field danced with Dibdin's glad ghost.

Then, tiring, they nestled themselves in the nooks
As "Sinners" & "Saints" did of old,
And thumbed o'er again the delectable Books
Which, haply, Millard had not sold.

* * * * * * * * * *

Mourn not o'er their Ashes in hopelessness, then,
Oh sorrowful Bibliophile,
In yonder far Corner we'll fondle again
These Books which we've lost for the while.

John Huston Finley.


SOCIETY.



Phi Kappa Sigma
Informal

Glee Club Concert

Omicron Kappa Pi
&
Alpha Delta Sigma Hop

Junior-Senior Academy
Dance

Junior Hop

Senior Academy Hop

Lark Poetry

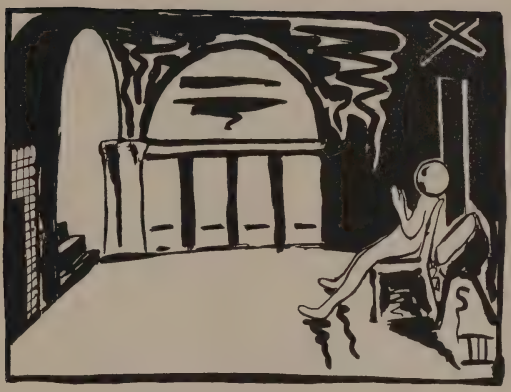




If you should get lost on the campus
And it was a moonlight night,
Don't think you could find a lampus
Every time you turned to the right



I don't see why the floor is flat,
And why the stairs are grand.
And why we should sigh
When the new Freshmen cry
Is a thing that I can't understand.



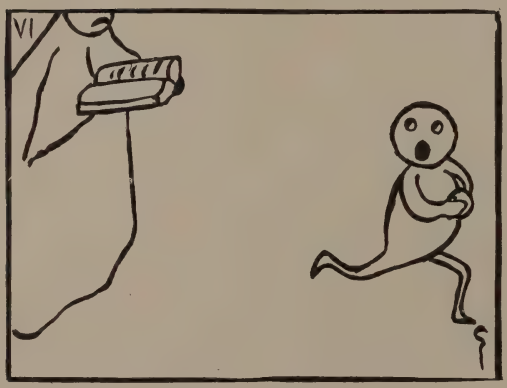
The elevator, it goes up
 And then comes down again.
When will it go both ways at once–
 I wonder when!



At the Comet they give you a check,
At Fossett's they give you the soup.
 But they think it is rude
 If you look at the food
And no wonder, unless you're a Goop.



There are those who delight in a chote
And wheels that can turn upsiddown.
 And the things that they quote
 When they're riding a goat
Are various – chiefly dark brown.



I saw a tender Chuggo
 With a quarter in his fist,
Running from the Popinjay
 Who had him on his list.



Areopic anolyths,
Jummy, ain't they nice?
Soak a few blap
And buy you a trap
For anolyths is mice.



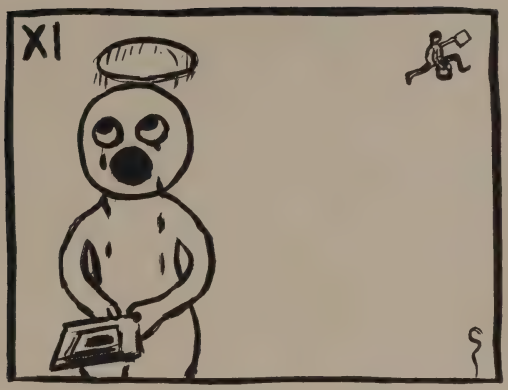
I don't like to $\sqrt{C^2}$
The way that Pease fixes his hair,
So I look tother way
And I rimpikly say,
"I really don't think that I care."



I like to visit libraries
And make the students say
"I wish that you were out o' this,
Why don't you go away?"



I like to see a high Ideal
And wonder where it's at.
To three stories high
They gladden the eye,
For they always have girls in a flat.



The Soph'mores get the Fulcrum out,
A sluzely sigh—
And people buy the furkle thing.
I wonder why!

GLOSSARY

LAMPUS—Lamp post.

GOOP—The Goops, they lick their fingers,
The Goops, they lick their knives,
They spill their broth
On the table cloth,
Oh, they lead untidy lives.

The Goops, they talk while eating,
And loud and fast they chew,
So that is why
I'm glad that I
Am not a Goop. Are you?

CHOTE—An uninterrupted whiz.

UPSIDDOWN—Inverted as to perpendicularity.

CHUGGO A fat, dimpled boy, named Rochlitz.

POPINJAY—A nasty bore ; e. g., class treasurer.

BLAP—Worn-out bike trousers.

TOTHER—Out of the window.

RIMPIKLY—As one says, "I don't know," when one is very tired.

SLUZELY—Wearisome, wandering, dismal, commonplace, opaque doleful, gloomy, with an odor of a four-year-old pun.

FURKLE—Sluzely, with a dash of stupidity.

$\sqrt{C^2}=\sqrt{C}xC=C$. See.

The Revolution of 1900

The Dean, he sat in his office chair
As the light was growing dim,
His mind was quiet and free from care
And he smiled as he stroked his raven hair,
Or cracked a joke at his grave confrere,
Who sat across from him.

They heard from the nearby campus then
The sound of voices sweet
As the various teams, on the budding green,
Were practising; and there could be seen
The college river, which might have been
The gutter in the street.

The elevator started up
With Willie in the cage;
The library stood dark and grim,
Empty of every her and him,
For they were crowding to the Gym,
Maiden, and fool, and sage,

Picture yourself a floor of cork,
Of rubber and of glue.
Also a bunch of howling 'Cads,
Matrons and maidens, men and lads,
A few co-eds and under-grads,
And one alumnus, too.

Such was the crowd that filled the hall
This sombre winter's day.
And when the teams came on the floor
From that packed mass there came a roar.
From pinnacle to basement door
It scared the rats away.

Owing to pressure on the space
 Alas, I must omit
All mention, in this classic hymn,
Of slender Harris' slender limb,
And as for Jens's fighting trim,
 I may not speak of it.

And possibly it would be well
 If I should intimate
That I leave out each scrap or fight
In that first half when the score was tight,
'Tween Soph and gentle 'Cademite,
 Lest I should talk too late.

* * * *

Let now the ancient chronicler
 Take out his fountain pen,
Or grab a pencil, sharpen it,
Or brush his shorthand up a bit.
His system? William taught him it
 In 66 and 10.

The intermission came, and all
 Was silent as the tomb,
When suddenly a yell there came,
Shaking the building's great big frame
(And no connection with the game)
 That circled thru the room.

The worthy Sophomores obtained
 A bit of paper. Then
They painted there in figures tall
"Naught, two," and mounted on the wall—
Or pranced around on nothing at all—
 And then came down again.

But on this memorable day
They pulled their little string,
And left their placard standing there,
Over the arc light's shimmering glare,
And the crowd, they somehow seemed to care,
And howled like anything.

But when their howl it floated down
The elevator shaft
It came to the ears of our friends, the Deans,
With whom this epic, I think, begins,
And caused them anything but grins.
In fact, it drove them daft.

So to the Gym they came amain
Fair dancing in their shoes,
And when they came upon the scene, a
Youth was hanging o'er th' arena
In a pose calculated to suit a Dean, a
Wise Prof to amuse.

It was not their intention, though,
To join the giddy fray.
But if they'd waited till things had lulled
For their orders to cease, the noise annulled,
They wouldn't have had their whiskers pulled
Before they went away.

* * * *

The flowers that bloom in the spring
Had nothing to do with the case.
So that's what I mean when I say or I sing—
Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the spring,
For the flowers that bloom in the beautiful spring
Had nothing to do with the case.

The FULCRUM

Published *by the* Sophomore Class
of Armour Institute *of* Technology

NOTWITHSTANDING the indubitable fact, though diametrically opposite and contrary to well-nigh every clearly defined right and precedent, that the subject-matter herein treated in our most approved discursive style is of the utmost importance and the greatest moment, and that the startling revelations hereby made public are of immeasurable value to the human race, are moreover bound to attain that unparalleled supremacy in the world of letters which has hitherto been accorded to the epistolary efforts from our gifted pen, it must after this skilful exposition be patent to all that the aforesaid asseverations are plain, unvarnished truth.

SCIENCE

Returns having come in from our Philippine correspondents expressing their delight in our last ray from the scientific sun, we will reprint, for the benefit of those who did not see it, our leading science article on "The Economic Value of Roasted Peanuts," which appeared in our last month's issue. The argument of this essay begins with the birth of the little nut, diverging long enough to trace its names, common and scientific, back to the old Latin root *Pindarinus Goobercentendelogareprotelariatae*, tracing its early education and environment, and finally bringing the history down to 216 Canal.

LITERARY

Owing to a severe headache on the shoulders of our contributor, there is no literary column this month. We did have something literary once, and only once. Another time our president wrote us a poem. As I said, there is nothing literary this month. That stuff under the literary cap was written by the Literary Editor.

SOCIAL

[From the *Ypsilanti Yahoo.*]

Mrs. Q. De Bullion Smythe gave a luncheon to a select party of 113 of the social lionesses of the Academy at the Comet Tuesday last. The table was set in drab and dark brown. Smiley served.

One of our guards took a girl instead of a basket-ball suit to a recent

game on the West Side. The girl was better-looking and several shades cleaner than the suit, though we don't mean to suggest that this had anything to do with the choice.

Our worthy graduate professor, L. Hequembourg Flanders, is ready for the gentle springtime. His golf stockings for Easter, which he purchased at a left-over sale, are of ecru and lavender. Purple and fine linen aren't in the running when girls are in question.

There have been 1312 people excluded from the library during the past week. The Union must and shall be preserved.

ATHLETICS

The campus being under process of reconstruction for the spring meets, the track undergoing repairs, and various other impediments intervening, athletics are flat.

NORMAL DOMESTIC SCIENCE

The object of this department is to elevate and dignify the home, to beautify and enhance the family and domestic ties. The president of our society is an earnest-minded Christian worker, who has run various things. She has figured extensively in glee clubs and things. It is seldom one sees so many qualities combined in so small a receptacle. In our society there is also a secretary and one or two members.

OUR ACADEMY

At a recent meeting of the Debating Society, Mr. Hart introduced the orator of the evening in a splendidly sustained effort of eloquence of 103 minutes duration. The ten-minute talk by the orator, immediately following was much appreciated.

When a girl becomes personal property, the owner is lucky in that he has to pay no tax on her.

THE MAN AT THE WINDOW

They say that the Man at the Window has made himself highly obnoxious in certain quarters—and at the same time highly popular in others. For certain persons high in authority say the gentle scribe is too candid; and these persons have collected many mud balls to hurl at the aforesaid scribe. But, alas, they know not which window. They are baffled. Hurroo, Hinnissy.

[A halftone of the editor will appear as a supplement to our next issue. Academy girls please notice.]

Junior Bulletin No. 156

Study and Test of the Magnetization, Characteristics, Commutation, Regulation and Connection of a Dynamo-Electric Machine.

Subject: Dynamo, horse-power optional.
Apparatus: Optional.
Scheme: Optional.
Method: Optional.
Date of Submission: Optional, except for a ten-day limit.

Freeman's idea of a good joke

The Rambles of William Goat

The Institute stood dark and still,
The students had gone home,
No lights gleamed from the window-sill
Nor lit the darkened gloam.

The janitor had gone away,
He was not there about;
And last of all the fire, they say,
Went up the flue and out.

'Twas at the solemn midnight hour
When owls and bats do gloat,
That from his lofty ash-heap tower
Came walking William Goat.

He came, the beast of all most feared,
With slow, majestic tread.
He stopped and stroked his long grey beard,
And this is what he said:

"I long have seen this building here
"Which men call Institute,
"And I would gladly know what cheer
"It holds for man and brute."

Then nimbly up the steps he climbed
And from cathedral spire
The mystic hour of midnight chimed
And William climbed up higher.

As William mounted up the stair
A clanking well defined
Bespoke a meal of mixed hardware
When last his goatship dined.

Before the great front door he stopped,
'Twas held by triple bar,
Then instantly his head was dropped
And that door felt a jar.

The door passed into history
And William passed within.
Now might he solve the mystery;
His face lit with a grin.

He visited the cooking school
And from a handy shelf,
Like many a less and younger fool,
Old William helped himself.

'Twas but a biscuit, but alas!
It made Will pound his hoof,
For though he could eat nails and glass
He was not bullet-proof.

A sadder but a wiser goat
Went down the great front stairs.
The Institute may sink or float
For all that William cares.

On the following page may
one find the exploits of the
Class of Nineteen Hundred
as compiled from the Archives

Finding this page wholly inadequate for the subject a complete account of the achievements of this phenomenal aggregation will be found on the following pages: 2, 3, 6, 10, 12, 16, 28, 30, 34, 36, 48, 54, 60, 70, 78, 82, 86, 90, 94, 98, 104, 112, 116, 210

Who is It?

"Oh, that ain't fair, gosh, why don't you give 'em everybody, Mr. Thomas? Give us Professor, to make it more even. (Play starts.) Oh, that's dirty, Hayden, trip a man like that —from the regular team, too— a nice example to set. Git into it, Fairweather, here ye go, Johnny boy. How's that for a foul? That's sluggin', that is. Me fouling? Why, I wasn't anywheres near him. (Ball is thrown up again.) Git into it, Johnny boy. You just wait, Jens, never call a foul on the first team, against the rules.

IMAGINE THIS FOR SIXTY MINUTES

Young Men's Christian Association
of the
Armour Institute of Technology

On the twenty-sixth of October, Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-nine, a number of the college men had a meeting for the purpose of organizing a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Armour Institute of Technology. Secretary Parker of the Intercollegiate Department addressed the students at this meeting. He stated the objects and advantages of such an association among the students of this Institution.

In meetings which followed, the regular Constitution and By-laws of the Intercollegiate Department of the Y. M. C. A. were adopted after such minor changes as were necessary had been made. The following officers were then elected for the term of one year:

President	A. C. Minear.
Vice-President	J. F. Strickler.
Secretary	E. L. Quien.
Treasurer	R. A. Stahl.

Prof. McClement is the member of the Faculty appointed on the Committee of Management for the Intercollegiate Department.

Regular meetings are held Tuesday afternoons at five o'clock in one of the class rooms of the Institute. Bible Study follows the devotional meeting at 5.30. Any member of the College or Academy is eligible to membership. Membership blanks can be obtained from officers.

All students are welcome to all devotional meetings and Bible study classes.

Dowie at Hammond

Come hither, all ye Dowieites, and listen unto me,
A dreadful thing has happened—as dreadful as can be,
That grand old man—that Saint on earth—John Alexander D.
Was mobbed at Hammond, Indiand, and so he had to flee.

He fled so fast he fairly flew, thro' water, mud and rain,
I doubt if any chimney flue so fast as he to gain
The trolley car that on the track was waiting there for him.
It was a hymn of praise, you bet—his chances were but slim.

He jerked the bell rope and the car like lightning forward sped
Just as a Mother-Hubbard squash struck Dowie on the head.
To make things worse, the trolley broke—the car stood dark and still,
While brick-bats wandered through the gloom or struck the window-sill.

But you'll be glad, my friends, to learn how our High Priest escaped,
He just curled up beneath a seat, and while they stared and gaped
And wondered why he was'nt killed, he just lay there and smiled,
Although John Alexander was perhaps the least bit riled.

At last when all the bricks were thrown, and all the windows broken,
John Alexander rose and said: "I spake and I have spoken—
I do not like you Hammond folk—you're wicked and bad-hearted;
I'm full of window panes for you!"—thus spoke he and departed.


THE
ACADEMY
L. Calkins.

Charles Gauger Vaughan

The sudden and untimely death of Charles Gauger Vaughan caused deep sorrow among his classmates and many friends. His frank straight-forwardness and his gentle and unassuming ways made him a general favorite among his fellows.

His death occurred on September 9, 1899, when about to enter upon his graduating year in A. S. A. He stood high in all his classes and was a clever amateur artist, some of his sketches being placed on exhibition in the class rooms.

It was in athletics, however, that he particularly shone. He held the Institute championship for the running high jump, his record being 5 ft. 6 in. He also held a record of 10 ft. in the pole vault, and did good work in other events. He could be depended upon to win points for Armour at every track meet.

He was a charter member of the Omicron Kappa Pi Fraternity, and was one of the leading spirits of that society, taking part in all its social affairs.

The loss of such a pure and noble spirit from among us is undoubtedly great, but while regretting his loss, the comforting truth remains to those who knew and loved him, that he lived.



CHARLES GAUGER VAUGHAN

The Origin of A. J. T.

MANY people believe that the Ark stranded on Mt. Ararat but the log of that first (class) cruiser which Noah put in charge of Mr. Manning, who, as everyone knows, is an old-timer, when he shuffled off this mortal coil, proves conclusively that this opinion is erroneous. The digest of this log is as follows: After the Deluge had reached its height, it began to recede very rapidly, sometimes going down as much as five or six hundred feet in a day. Noah was cruising around in the Ark when one day he ran against a pole sticking out of the water a few feet. This upon being picked up proved to be the acromotor pole on the Auditorium tower. Although Noah did his best to save the instrument on it, it was hopelessly ruined. Noah, alarmed at this, gave command to heave the lead. It crashed through the skylight of the Studebaker building. This so alarmed Noah that he came about on the port tack and sailed due south on Michigan avenue until he came in sight of the top story of the Seipp cottage at Thirty-third and Michigan. Here he put his helm to starboard, intending to make Halsted street, thinking that he would find something wet, even if everything else was dry. But the waters fell too quickly to allow this proceeding. When he reached State street there was only about ten feet of water, and just as he reached Armour avenue the waters sank away completely, leaving him stuck firmly in the Chicago mud. Seeing that nothing else could be done, Noah, after much deliberation, decided to turn the Ark into a school. In this he secured the assistance of Mr. P. D. Armour, who was an intimate friend of his son Ham. Noah, out of gratitude, named the school Armour Institute. Ham, Shem, and Japhet became the first students. They of course entered in the Academy, and as they advanced other classes came in, and so by the time they entered the Tech, the Academy was in flourishing circumstances. It had obtained a lead over the Tech which it has never lost, and it is today the most important part of the school. One day Ham was studying in the library, when Shem entered and said to him, in a rather loud stage whisper, "Say, Ham, what is the English lesson for today?" "I don't know," answered Ham; "when Prof. Gore assigned it last time he didn't talk

loud enough for me to hear." At this point Miss Van Vliet approached and said: "We do not allow studying together in the library. You will kindly go outside and do your talking." While on the Ark Noah had invented a certain kind of talking machine, which, once wound up, would talk on forever, and had made two of this invention. He had donated these to the school and they, by the process of evolution (see Darwin) had taken most surprising characters and finally emerged from the above-mentioned process in the shapes of R. M. Lowenthal, '01, and L. F. Falk, '02. They still retain their "talk-on-forever" qualities. One day, while a freshman 'Cad, Japhet, in Elementary Latin, arose to ask Prof. Seeligmann a question, but by the time he had finished his name, it was time for the class to adjourn. One of the many things which bothered students in the 'Cad was why Prof. Brewster blushed so heavily whenever any of the pretty young ladies in the front row asked him a question. This is a point which has not been decided yet. Mr. Hart, '00, and Barton Hill Sackett Esq., '01, got into an argument the other day about the question, Sackett kicking (after his usual habit) because it was so, and Hart arguing just for the sake of arguing. Each constituted a committee of one for the decision, and each one decided in favor of himself.



Academy Representatives

M. M. Hart
W. C. G. Wilson } '00

L. F. Wormser
R. M. Lowenthal } '01

L. R. Levings
Ray Willets } '02

Respected Academites:

It is with deep feelings of awe and reverence that we make our debut, presenting to you, as best our limited abilities permit, that which we hope will interest you most. Being the initiators of this Academy Board of Representatives, we can neither copy nor seek advice from others, we must work, and work originally. And under these conditions we submit this material for your approval, already thanking you for any reception it may receive, but asking you not to be too rash nor harsh in your decisions.

Furthermore we beg of you not to think hard of us if we have delineated your characters not quite to your liking. Thank us for having remembered you amongst so large a student body and therefore feel honored and not hurt. And to you of whom no mention has been made, be glad that your name has been omitted, since your good traits speak for themselves and you wish no one to know your faults—should you have any.

[*Signed*] Academy Representatives



L. F. WORMSER



R. WILLETS



W. C. WILSON



R. M. LOWENTHAL



L. R. LEVINGS



M. M. HART



RTHUR JENS, the popular athlete of our Academy, was born Nov. 9, 1879, in Rock Island, Ill. Being of an athletic temperament, he became interested in all sports when very young, and was a consistent participant in them. He first became a member of a large team in 1897, when he was a center on the Rock Island foot-ball team. In the same year he made the teams and made a reputation as the all-around athlete of the school. His bicycle work is especially worthy of mention, as he carried off first honors in the tri-city high school meet. He came to Armour in '98, making full-back in the college team. He also made the track team, entering in the shot-put and relay running at Lake Forest. In 1899 Jens was elected the Academy representative to the athletic board and also captain of the Academy football team. He was the star full of the preparatory schools. Mr. Jens is also a member of the basket-ball team, the debating society and the Mu Delta Sigma. But it must not be thought that Mr. Jens' abilities lie alone in physical lines, as he is one of the best students in the Academy, and his record is an enviable one.

Much Ado about Less than Nothing

An Oratorical Fit in Three Convulsions

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

HART	A haughty naughty-naught
SACKETT	A nutty naughty one
CUPID, alias Von H.	The God of peace, not of love
HINDS	Who *also* speaks occasionally
HERRMANN	The animated Schweitzerkase
DESTINY	A disturbing element

Umpire, Students, Supers, etc.

TIME: Not long ago. PLACE: Armour Institute

ACT I. Basement of Armour Institute
ACT II. Halls of Armour Institute
ACT III. Gym. of Armour Institute

ACT I.

Enter Sackett (absorbs a doughnut.)

SACKETT: Nay, nay; by my halidom it must not be, the mighty '00's must be smitten before they grow insolent. This fierce devourer of '01 must be nipped in the bud, by the beard of the Dea—— I mean—Prophet, I swear it!

Enter Hart (accompanied by a blast of hot air).

HART: How so, thou aggregation of diversified incomprehensibilities, what saidst thou?

SACKETT (*between bites*): I say that in this new formed league of basket-ball, if thy class do not uphold the honor of A. S. A., the Class of '01, even I, will do so and win the cup.

HART (*triumphantly*): Pray, may I then drink therefrom?

SACKETT: My cup shall not be soiled with naughty lips, nor yet with the lips of a naughty naught.

Enter Cupid (*the bottom of his trousers draped around his waist*).

CUPID: O, go and die, ye heated ones, or devote thy mighty jaws to chewing grub, and spoil not thy betters' appetite.

HINDS: Come off, ye fellows—by my necktie, ye are—too rough—(*talking in bunches*)—we will unite with thee, but Johnny B. must lead the band to victory.

HERRMANN (*defiantly*): I'll none of this my—

HART (*interrupting*): Descend from off thy perch, thou *Liverwurst;* thou art lame between the ears; Bartlett is the man! You may manage the team but we alone will run it!

SACKETT (*in rebuttal*): Well canst thou speak, but not so well can act. Thou art an egotist, a rotten eggotist. Thy head is full of tacks, thy eloquence is wind; I will defeat thee and thy class in this matter; I will have my vocal thunders at thee till thou art——

(*Cry from bystanders of "Jiggers."*)

Enter Destiny (*armed with a spy-glass*).

DESTINY: It cannot be that this is a debating society, or it is not an '02 class meeting! Whats-the-matter-with-you?

(*Assembly disappears.*)

ACT II.

Enter Sackett (*hangs up notice reading "My class will meet today, I expect you all. Sackett, Grand Mogul '01"*).

HART (*in distance, soliloquizing*): Ay, there he stands! ye— me enemy! He of the leather lungs and double action jaw. I know the public voice calls him my peer, but in my heart of hearts I feel that I am greater!! Would that I could but prove it to my fellow students; then would I be great indeed. But in vain do I dispute with him, his blazing eyes and cotton hair do seem to awe and subdue me, so that I become, indeed, afeared. But—ha!— an idea! It strikes me brain with double force. I'll see end of this. I'll fight it to the death. I'll challenge him! (*Approaches the unconscious Sackett.*) Ha! there, thou naughty one, dost hear me?

SACKETT (*turns round*): Yea, I hear a mighty noise, which issues forth from nothingness as does wind from a hole in a punctured tire. What signifies it?

HART: 'Tis this! I am a-weary of thy strident voice; I would now

settle this matter for all time. Villain, I challenge you to a duel! Place, the gym; time, at once; principals, myself and thee. Sir-r-a, I will drink thy gore.

SACKETT: Thou dost but unveil thy ignorance. Gore is not a fluid and was never known to be drunk.

HART: Dally not thus with me; wilt thou accept?

SACKETT: Vea, I will; and if I do not everlastingly pulverize thee beneath a flood of vocabulary such as thou hast never heard before, may I be——

Enter Destiny, (preceded by fleeing students).

DESTINY: Well, boys, is it not that you have a class in this hour? I do not like it that you should stand in the halls like that!

(*Exit Sackett and Hart in a flutter of coat tails.*)

ACT III.

(*Dressing room near gym. door, group of students observing duel through door.*)

UMPIRE (*heard without*): Time! Open weapons! Begin!

(Group around the door yells, "Vive Sackett!" or "Hoch Hart!" also "A bas umpire!")

HINDS (*taking bath towel from around him waves it*): Go it, old boy! rah, rah, 'oo! (is rough-housed while without—)

SACKETT: —and the insidious ingenuity with which this malicious aggregation of illimitable treachery, this personification of——

(Cries of "Hurrah for Sackett," and "Hart is down."

Without the umpire counts: "1—2—3—4—5," then Hart says: "Hydrostatically speaking, the exigencies are psychologically and metaphysically——"

All the 'oo's in the crowd applaud vigorously, the 'o1's look blue but grow happier as Sackett undercuts with a twenty-six syllable word, and are about to cheer when from the gym. emerges Destiny, who says to the quickly fleeing crowd: "Well, gentlemen, I understand not why it isn't that you are in your class-rooms."

Supers come forward bearing bodies of Hart and Sackett, and the curtain falls.

FINIS

Hot Shot

"You must prepare your bosoms for our knives."

"An all-pervading presence."

PROF. MONIN.

"You are old, Father William."

MR. MANNING.

"And blushes crown his lovely cheek."

MR. BREWSTER.

"A sturdy man was he."

PROF. GORE.

"Lost in a labyrinth of logarithms."

PROF. PHILLIPS.

"A silent teacher."

MR. KREHBIEL.

"Presiding o'er an atmosphere of drugs and smells."

PROF. MCCLEMENT.

"Give the devil his dues."

DON HARRIS, Treasurer, '00.

"Ach, du lieber Augustine."

CHARLEY HERRMANN, '01.

"Short and sweet."

MISS MILLER, '02.

"Resplendent locks, enwreathed with beams."

L. R. LEVINGS, '02.

"For I loved that cook like a brother, did I,
And he simply worshipped me."

{ DON WILLARD AND
{ JIMMY CRAWFORD, '00.

"He'd rather on a gallows dangle,
Than lose his dear delight, to wrangle."

M. HART, '00.

"So I put on de gloves for a minit er two
And landed him one in de slats."

D. E. NICHOLS, '00.

"As tall to an inch as he is wide."

A. HALL, '00.

"What's the use of chewing the rag when you can get
Adams' Pepsin?"

MISS EISENDRATH, '01.

"Rubbernecks."

R. DYER, '01.

"I'm going to be great when I'm bigger."

E. Walters, '01.

"I like a loud and boisterous garb."

W. Bean, '00.

"A rounded mass of anything."

F. von Hermann, '00.

"I am a gentleman of blood and breeding."

J. Bartlett, '00.

"And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands."

A. Jens, '00.

"I must not think that there are evils enough to darken all his goodness."

A. McArthur, '00.

"There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats."

B. Sackett, '01.

"Thoughts come crowding in on me so fast that my only difficulty is to choose or reject."

J. Glidden, '00.

"A girl that is one of the boys."

Miss McEvoy, '00.

"Skilled in diplomacy and love."

H. Hinds, '00.

"He's all hot sand and ginger."

H. Zuckermann, '00.

"No man should despise himself."

C. Mayer, '01.

"A large bird with long legs and neck."

Crane, '00.

"Precious articles come in small parcels."

Willets, '02.

"She that never coped with stranger eyes."

Miss J. Hodge, '01.

"Music arose with its voluptuous swell."

Glee Club.

"* * * * a ostrich, an' a orphan child in one."

The First Year Student.

"Why really, sixty-five is somewhat old."

Miss B. Hirsch, '01.

"Let that one article rank with the rest."

Rockwell, '00.

A Story of an Armour Pin



It was nearly dark when Elinor got on the Elevated at Thirty-third Street after her last recitation at Armour. It was cold, too, and, after seating herself, she loosened her fur collarette to get a better view of the Armour "Tech." pin on the lapel of her coat. Didn't it look nice? It was John's, too. She hastily refastened her collarette in a self-conscious manner, only to loosen it again. Next to her sat a young man, deep in the mysteries of calculus. He looked up as the guard called "Thirty-fifth," and he noticed an Armour pin on the floor. Hastily putting his hand to his vest, he found his pin was gone and reached to pick it up. He was about to fasten it in its place, when Elinor exclaimed, "I beg pardon, but that pin is mine." She noticed him, for the first time, just as he was reaching for it, and discovered her pin was gone too, and so the question.

Ellis was surprised and amused and said, "Really, you are mistaken. I am, I think, the owner of this pin," with a slight emphasis on the "this." "I just dropped it off my vest."

Elinor's cheeks were the color of red roses as she answered that she was sure he was mistaken, with an intimation of suspicion in her tone. Ellis, seeing her in earnest (it is hard to disagree with a pretty girl), began to be vexed himself, for she evidently thought him a thief, when it occurred to him that he might have lost his pin coming from school, and she, then, would be right after all, and, as she still sat there with hand expectantly outstretched, he gave a short laugh and handed her the pin.

Elinor, very much relieved, thanked him in a cold little voice and got off at the next station.

As she took off her wraps in the hall, upon reaching home, she wondered who he was; he certainly was fine looking. Then, to her astonishment, she noticed a Tech. pin caught in under the fur of her collarette, and his, yes, it must be his pin, on the lapel of her coat.

She was very quiet that evening and also at the first class at school, much to the surprise of everyone. After the ten-thirty recitation she met John and told him all about it, and as she was talking He went by, and upon learning his name was Ellis, and that he was in John's class, she wrote a cool little note, saying she had found an Armour pin, which, she thought, belonged to him and would return it. Then Elinor said, as she stuck the pin through the note, "I didn't apologize, did I?" and told John to give it to him. Proud girl.

John handed Ellis the note at lunch time and went off without saying a word in explanation. Ellis, after reading it, raised his eyebrows, laughed rather annoyedly, and put his pin in its accustomed place.

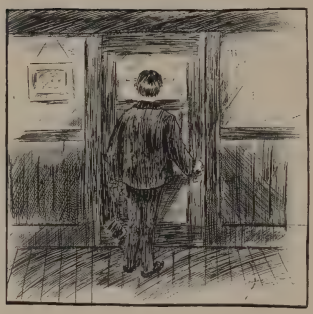
The winter passed, and still Elinor Grey and Ellis were strangers. Elinor had said, when asked if she would like to meet him, "She didn't care to, she believed," and he seemed as indifferent.

June came, and with it the graduating hop. As Elinor sat waiting for the music and trying to listen to John's half-whispered compliments, her mind would turn to the fact that vacation was here and she wouldn't see Ellis until next fall, if then, and she didn't know him, and — but what did she care? He was noth — Just then she realized John was introducing someone to her and looked up to find Ellis, yes Ellis, asking her if she would care to have a dance with him. She evidently did, for twice his name could be found on her program.

Next fall when school opened Elinor wore an Armour "Tech." pin on her shirt waist, but it wasn't John's. M. C. M.



A School Session An Armour Acad's Account



8.00. Arose very tired. No time for breakfast. Placed newspaper in my pocket and lunch under my arm. En-route book-strap broke. All due to rush for 8.30 recitation.

8.33. Destination reached. Not being allowed to use elevator, ran up four flights of stairs. Found door locked. Went down and wished myself and others still lower. Entered library and asked Mr. Johnson, '00, for lesson in Solid Geom. He consumed about four minutes in excusing himself for not knowing, as usual. Was asked kindly to leave library.

9.00. Went into basement to rub dirt from towels onto my hands but found job too long. Took a nap at one of the lunch tables. Woke up; but only to find Merwin Hart, '00, and B. H. Sackett, '01, arguing. Immediately fell asleep again. Though in somnambulism, found my way to the Dean's office (by special request).

9.46. Regained my strength; spoke to Miss M. H., '01, but Prof. M———n bid us to cease. She said we were "squelched."

12.30. Went over to Lumely's drug store. Took out my newspaper but Herb Zuckerman, '00, began to argue Senior rights. I left.

2.00. For the last hour I have been looking for my coat which I put in the Chemistry wash-room, for there are no hooks to hang it on. Haven't found it yet, so I can't finish my diary. L. F. W.

The A. S. A. Debating Society

Encouraged by the Faculty and led by Merwin M. Hart, '00, and Leo F. Wormser, '01, a movement was started to form what the Academy has so long been lacking—namely, a debating society.

Too much as to its merits cannot be said, nor can its place be termed second to any other organization in the school. It is a society in accord with the school and in harmony with the objects of the Institute's founding.

At the first meeting which Profs. Monin and Gore addressed Merwin M. Hart, '00, was elected chairman, and B. H. Sackett, '01, secretary. A committee, consisting of L. F. Wormser, '01, Miss J. Hodge, '01, Miss M. Clarke, '00, and J. Glidden, '00, was appointed to select the debaters, subjects for debaters, and judges.

Sigma Delta Sorority

The Sigma Delta ($\Sigma\Delta$) Sorority was established by a few of the girls, in January, 1900. This organization was not intended to be a class affair and thus embraces members of the various classes. The object in forming this organization was to further the social relations existing among the girls of the Academy.

The color which has been adopted is dark red. The charter members were the Misses Sylvia Weinberg, '01; Viola Stern, '00; Hortense Miller, '02; Marie McEvoy, '00; Beatrice Hirsch, '01; Jennie Hodge, '01; Mildred Hartman, '01; Clara Falter, '01, and Clara Eisendrath, '01. The initiates are the Misses Edna Simpson, '01, and Marian Clarke, '00.





Modeled by Mary Brooks Parker



Geo. F. Hayden, President

Dean Harvey, Vice-President

J. B. Swift, Secretary

A. C. Noble	A. Jens
V. C. Alderson	W. E. Miller
W. T. McClement	Rockwell
E. Libby	F. Von Hermann
Phillips	F. Low
H. B. Thomas.	R. T. Fry
C. F. Longnecker	S. P. Beers



BASKET BALL



The Basket Ball Team

Hayden, Captain Reynolds	Forwards
Fry	Center
Miller, Manager Rosenthal	Guards
Henderson Strickler	Substitutes

The career of the team this year has been triumphantly successful. Up to the time of writing, the team has not lost a game. It is not generally supposed to be proper to describe the events of the present year, so we will leave that for the next Integral, which will possibly appear some time in 1901.

The Games

Armour 23, West Side Y. M. C. A. 20

Armour 22, Culver Military Academy 2

Armour 22, West Side Y. M. C. A. 18

Armour 28, Central Y. M. C. A. 20





Tennis Team

WITH the decline in the other sports comes a decided rise in Tennis and Basket Ball. Through the kindness of our faculty we were able to send a Tennis team to compete in the Intercollegiate Tournament. This was our first year at the game, and it could hardly be expected that we would take any honors. A. C. Noble and G. F. Hayden represented us in both doubles and singles and their defeat may be attributed more to inexperience than anything else

The fall school tournament came off early in October at the Kenwood Country Club, and was the most successful one so far. There were numerous prizes and a large entry list.

The Chambers Cup in singles becomes the property of A. C. Noble, he having won it both last year and this year. On the following page is a summary of the tournament.

A Little Faculty Honor Roll

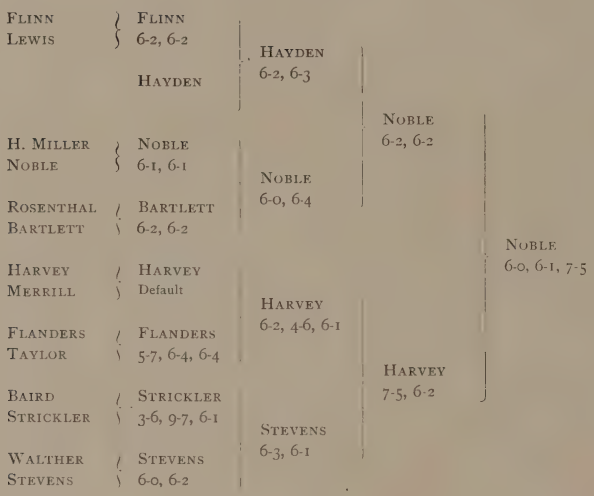
ALDERSON MACOMBER MCCLEMENT

MONIN PORTER

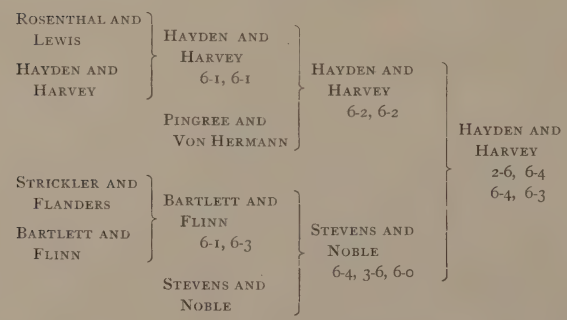
Tennis Tournament

1899

SINGLES



DOUBLES




FOOTBALL

The Football Team

The following is a list of the good football material that was in this school at the beginning of the season: A. Jens, Robinson, R. T. Fry, T. Walters, W. Walters, L. Byrne, W. Byrne, Libby, Rockwell, J. Card, J. D. Brooke, W. Miller, Butterworth, Ruegnitz, Soper. Of these, Miller, Jens, the Walters, and Byrne brothers, Rockwell, Ruegnitz and Hollson came out regular, some few others came off and on, and the majority never came out at all. Walter Miller was captain, but through absolute lack of time he was compelled to resign his position, and Rockwell was elected in his place. As soon as Miller resigned, everything went backsliding, and certain ones of the irregular ones ceased to come altogether, and thus it went on until the day of the P. and S. game when it was found that there were not enough men to fill the positions. The best thing that could be done under the circumstances was to disorganize the team, which was done Oct. 6, '99.

There is no person that can be blamed; there are no three or four; the fault lies with the whole school. It was a deplorable affair in more ways than one. It meant no football team of any importance for a few years to come, it meant no spirit in theschool for quite a while; and lastly it showed a poor spirit among the players themselves.

Captain and Fullback—Jens

R. G.—Crane	R. T.—Harris and Walters
R. E.—Hodgson and Beers	R. H. B. L.—Byrne
Q. B.—Crawford and Wolf	L. G.—Hull
L. T.—T. Walters	L. E.—Card and Bartlett
L. H.—B. Rockwell	C.—Von Herman

Inter-Collegiate Games

University School,	0	A. I. T. 26	South Side Academy,	0	A. I. T. 12
Princeton-Yale,	17	A. I. T. 12	St. Charles,	0	A. I. T. 6
Morgan Park,	10	A. I. T. 0	Harvard,	0	A. I. T. 36
Lewis,	21	A. I. T. 0			



Inter Class Games

'02 beat '01 Academy, 18-11.

'00 Academy beat '01 Academy, 14-10.

'00 Academy beat '02 Academy, 15-10.

Also, in a practice game,

'00 Academy beat A. I. T. 24-20.

'01 beat '02, 33-11.

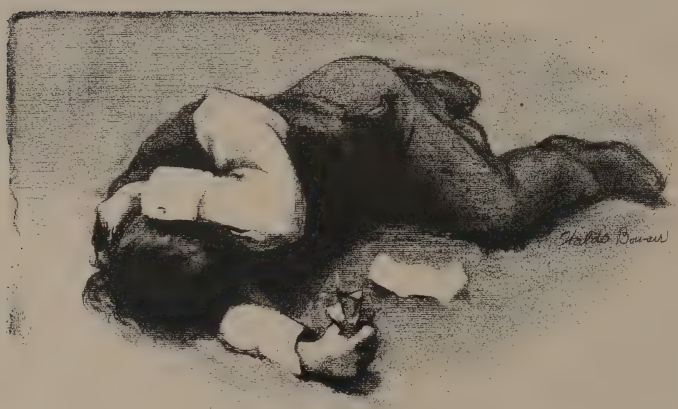
The Energy of A. I. T.

A CASUAL observer of life and things at Armour Tech has noticed the remarkable college spirit animating every breast. This is ideal, and, being so, is sarcasm. The vast majority of men may pretend to care for their classes or their college, but this pretence is stopped when the outlay of a little time or a little money is demanded. With the exception of a small band of patriots, far too small indeed, the student body is an apathetic set of pessimists.

It is not that they are soured by their struggle for education, it is the lamentable don't-care state of their minds that leads one to call attention to this prevailing stigma. By their groans and whining they endeavor to drown out all enthusiasm and spirit. They find great delight in decrying such foolish souls as take time from their study to put into senseless enterprises. Class rivalry is to be frowned upon and ignored.

Study, and study only, is the aim of these cynics. If they could but look at themselves as they appear before the light in all their narrow-mindedness and selfishness, if they could but once taste the bitterness of exclusion from human interests and life, might not their eyes be opened?

Occasionally they do notice. When an enterprise fails, probably due as much to the lack of their support as to anything, who is louder in the I-told-you-so chorus? It is evident to them that there has been mismanagement all through, and they certainly ought not to stand the loss who had no hand in the failure. Oh, ye of little faith! Wake to the life before you while it is yet time. Wake!



Here endeth The Integral of Nineteen Hundred having been faithfully made up into a book and published by the class of Nineteen Hundred and One of the Armour Institute of Technology



Advertisements

Index to Advertisements

	PAGE
Armour & Co.	235
Armour Ins. of Technology	247
Bureau of Civil Service Instruction	242
Bowman Dairy Co.	246
Chas. Besly & Co.	234
Continental Nat'l Bank	238
Chicago Edison Co.	236
Consumers' Co.	229
Central Electric Co.	241
Chicago Laboratory Supply and Scale Co.	227
Commercial Nat'l Bank	239
C. M. & St. P. R. R.	240
C. & N. W. R. R.	245
Chicago Law School	241
Ducat & Lyon	232
Electric Appliance Co.	227
First National Bank	241
Gibson Art Galleries	248
Goodwin, Hall & Henshaw	244
Peter Hofherr	238
Hollister Brothers	237
Hartford Steam Boiler Inspection and Insurance Co.	239
Jeffrey Mfg. Co.	234
Keuffel & Esser	238
James Leffel & Co.	232
Wm. Lewis	230
Millet Core Oven Co.	231
Manz & Co.	243
Munson Belting Co.	236
G. & C. Merriam Co.	234
Plamondon & Co.	233
Richards & Co.	230
W. S. Root	239
Sterling Co.	233
W. J. Smyth	242
Salisbury & Co.	242
Union Lumber Co.	242
Von Hermann	239
Wallace, J. H.	232
Weston Electrical Instrument Co	246



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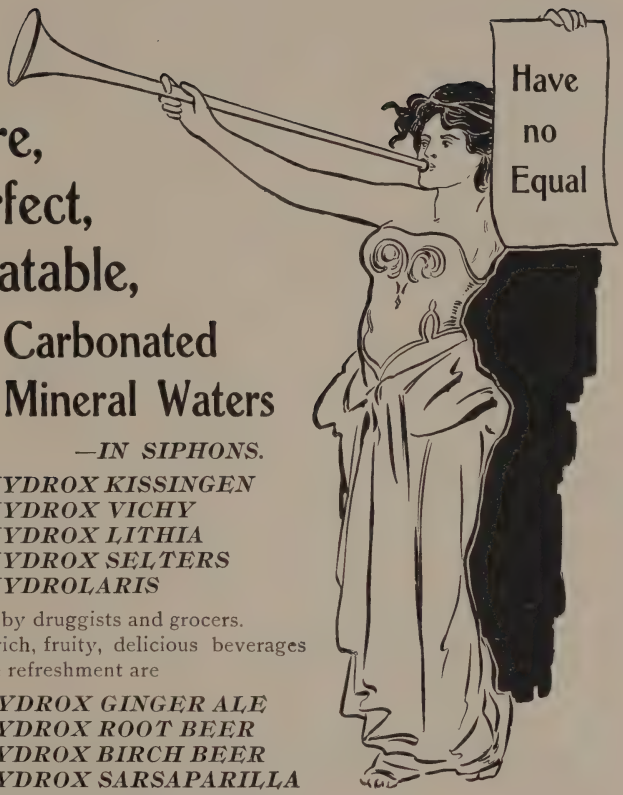
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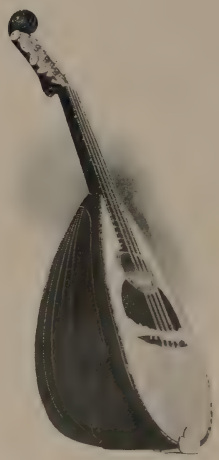
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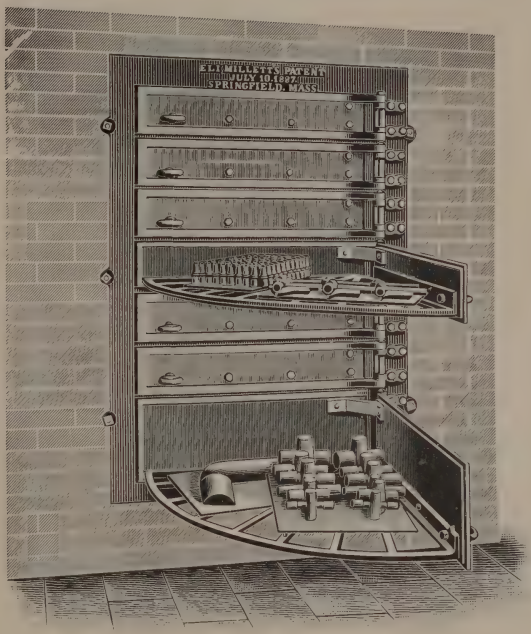
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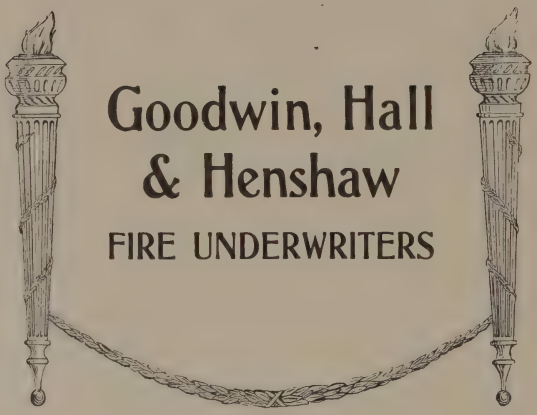
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BOOK III.—THE BOOKMAN

	PAGE
Among Our Books	137
Academy Representatives	196
Academy, The	191
An Armour Pin	202
A School Session. An Armour Acad's Account	206
Banquets	141
Dinner, Phi Kappa Sigma	142
Dowie at Hammond	190
Debating Society	208
Exploits of 1900	186
Editorial	166
Fulcrum	181
Fables in Slang	123
Familiar Sights on Our Campus	129
Governor's Violin, The	162
Hot Shot	200
Independent Order of Sawed-offs, The	130
Junior Bulletin	183
Jens, Arthur	198
Lark Poetry	171
Line Drawings	159-161-163
Mr. Dooley on Basket-ball	164
Much Ado about Less than Nothing	199
Origin of A. I. T.	194
Rambles of William Goat, The	184
Right Forward, The Girl and the Left Guard, The	117
Revolution of 1900, The	178
Saints and Sinners' Corner, The	167
Sigma Delta	208
Society	169
Song of the Skirt, The	143
Society for Prevention of Ignorance	131
Stray Puffs from a Graduate's Pipe	133
Suggested Pose for Cooking Dept.	160
Ten of the Twenty Merry Slobs	143
Theses of 1899	158
Tempering, The	160
Tiddledewinks Club	132
Tucson James	122
Views from Porter's Kinetoscope	136
Vaughan, Charles G.	192
Who Is It?	188
Why Slang?	121
Wooing of Penelope Englewood, The	145
Y. M. C. A.	189


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